

M. E. S. S. of St. Clinton

THE
NEW GOLDEN SHOWER

CONTAINING THE
Gems of the "Golden Shower,"
WITH ABOUT ONE-HALF ADDITIONAL (NEW) PIECES,

DESIGNED FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS, SOCIAL, MISSIONARY AND TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

BY WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

BOSTON, MASS.:
PUBLISHED BY D. B. BROOKS & BROTHER.

FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY.

BRADBURY'S

SUPERIOR

"GRAND SCALE" PIANO FORTES

Voluntary Testimonials.

"They possess, in the HIGHEST DEGREE, all the essentials of a PERFECT PIANO FORTE."—WM. MASON.

"BRADBURY'S New Scale Piano Fortes I have examined WITH GREAT CARE. They are VERY SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS."—GOTTSCHALK.

"I admire them in the HIGHEST DEGREE."—GEO. W. MORGAN.

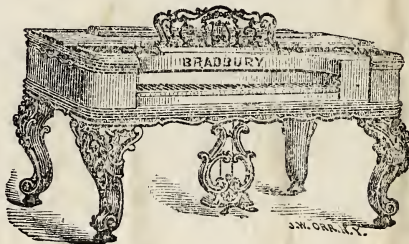
"BRADBURY'S PIANOS were used at the 'Convent of the Sacred Heart,' in company with *ten others*. Their SUPERIOR EXCELLENCE was fully proven."—W. BERGE.

"They are THE BEST Square Piano Fortes I have ever played upon."—HARRY SANDERSON.

"After many trials, I find them SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS."—CHAS. FRADEL.

"In every particular, as to tone, touch and power, THEY ARE PERFECT."—ROBERT HELLER.

"I consider them EQUAL to ANY I have seen."—JOHN N. PATTISON.



ROBERT BONNER, Esq., of the *N. Y. Ledger*, thus writes to the *Ledger* of January 13th, 1866: "We bought one of BRADBURY'S instruments last spring, and after using it for several months, and hearing the opinions of some of the best judges in this city—persons who have tried it—we are confident that no better Piano could be made."

"As an accompaniment to the voice, I have RARELY MET THEIR EQUAL."—BASSINI.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY,

427 Broome Street, N. Y.

DESCRIPTION OF STYLES

OF

BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES.

- No. 1. 7 Octave, French round corners, plain.
- No. 2. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, moulding on plinth, carved lyre and scroll desk.
- No. 4. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, mouldings on rim and plinth, carved lyre and scroll desk.
- No. 4½. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, LARGE MOULDINGS on rim, mouldings on plinth, BEVELED TOP, carved lyre and scroll desk.
- No. 5. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, BEVELED TOP, mouldings on rim and SERPENTINE MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, Gothic or fluted legs, carved lyre and desk.
- No. 6. 7 Octave, Same style as No. 5, with addition of CARVED LEGS.
- No. 7. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, mouldings on plinth, fluted or Gothic legs, fancy lyre and desk, Large Scale.
- No. 8. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, carved legs and lyre, Large Scale.
- No. 9. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, SERPENTINE MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, carved legs and lyre, Large Scale.
- No. 10. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, mouldings on rim, serpentine mouldings on plinth, extra carved legs and lyre.
- No. 10½. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, extra mouldings on rim, LARGE SERPENTINE MOULDINGS on plinth, elegantly carved legs, lyre, and desk.
- No. 11. 7½ Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, MOULDINGS on rim. LARGE SERPENTINE MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, ELEGANTLY CARVED legs, lyre, and desk.
- No. 11½. 7 Octave, same as No. 10½, with extra mouldings. *A very rich case.*
- No. 12. 7½ Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, ELEGANTLY CARVED CASE, legs, and lyre, elegant mouldings.
- No. 13. 7½ Octave, Agrasse; EXTRA CARVING on case, legs, and lyre. AN ELEGANT INSTRUMENT IN ALL RESPECTS.
- No. 14. Grands, according to style of case.
- EXTRA. School Piano, 7 Octave, rich black walnut case, a superior instrument for Schools, made to order.

All the above Instruments are made with Bradbury's New Scale, full iron frame, overstrung bass, and French Grand Action. Every Instrument fully warranted.



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IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & CO., 48 and 50 Walker Street.

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THE NEW GOLDEN SHOWER.

THE "NEW SHOWER," differs from the "CHAIN," "SHOWER," and "CENSER;" 1st, In the large number of pieces calculated to become useful in the SOCIAL MEETING as well as in the Sunday School, thus bringing the Sunday School and social religious meeting into closer sympathy and preparing the children for the more public worship of the sanctuary; 2nd, It contains a larger and more choice variety of compositions designed for Missionary and Temperance Meetings, Sunday School Concerts and Anniversaries.

A number of pieces in the SHOWER, which were found to be of comparative little value, have been left out, and in the "New" Shower, new material has been substituted.

Some of the Hymns have also been changed somewhat in phraseology, but not in sentiment. Tenors have been added to most of the pieces previously written in three parts.

Some sixty choice, new pieces, and twenty hymns have been added, making the "NEW SHOWER," really a new book.

The Author tenders his acknowledgments for the unprecedented favor with which his "GOLDEN SERIES" of SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS have been received by the Sunday Schools of this country, and the many encouraging letters received from the active Christian men and women engaged in the Sunday School cause.

With the earnest hope, that under God, the "NEW" SHOWER may be even more useful than any of its predecessors, the author submits it to the public.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

WARREN, Music Stereotyper, 43 Centre-st. New York

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LO! THE FIELDS ARE WHITE TO HARVEST.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

MISSIONARY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d.

1 (Lo ! the fields are white to har - vest ; Who will thrust the sickle in ?
Who will reap the gold - en glo - ry, [Omit.....] Sa - tan ev - er strives to win !

Prone to evil men will follow Paths their father's long have known ; In their blindness, still they worship Gods of iron, wood,
[and stone.

2 There are many, many children,
Growing up to sin and shame ;
And their little lips are never
Taught to speak a Saviour's name :
Though the sun is shining o'er them,
Bathing all in glorious light,
Yet their hearts are full of shadows,
Darker than the darkest night.

3 Lo, the master looks imploring ;
Lo, the myriad heathen stand,
Waiting for the gospel message
To arouse the slumb'ring land !
Who will bear the blessed tidings ?
Spread the knowledge far and wide ?
Telling heathen, wretched heathen,
'Twas for them a Saviour died !

THE BEST DAY OF ALL THE WEEK.



Words by KATE CAMERON.

Semi-cho. (O what beauties adorn the bright Sabbath morn, The best day of all the week.
Semi-cho. (And how gladly we start with a light happy heart, As the house of the Lord we seek. (Humbly let us enter in,
 Praying to be free from sin.)

FULL CHORUS.

Pure without, and pure within, On this Sabbath day. Let us keep, well keep this blessed Sabbath day, This holy Sabbath day,
 This ho-ly Sabbath day, Let us keep, well keep this holy Sabbath day, 'Tis the best day of all the week.

2 Be it ever our care
 In that place of prayer,
 Our spirits above to raise.
 Let us try to drive out
 Each vain worldly thought,
 From God's holy courts of praise;
 Let no folly there intrude,
 Naught to mar our tranquil mood,
 Naught but what is true and good,
 On this Sabbath day. *Cho.*

3 And our joy is full
 When the dear Sabbath School
 Throws open its friendly door;
 For we're sure there to find
 Our teachers so kind
 With riches of sacred lore.
 As our voices all we raise
 In sweet songs of love and praise
 May we tread in wisdom's ways,
 On this Sabbath day. *Cho.*

4 And when we go back
 To our week-day track
 Our lessons, and work, and play;
 Let us hold ever dear
 The counsels we hear,
 On the holy Sabbath day.
 And remember that God's eye
 Ever watches from on high,
 And each day he is as nigh,
 As the Sabbath day. *Cho.*

GOD IS LOVE.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 5

1 (What sound is this? a song thro' heav'n resounding, God is love!
And now from earth I hear the song rebound - ing, God is love!) Yes, while a - dor - ing hosts proclaim Love

is his na - ture, love his name, My soul in rap - ture cries the same, God is Love!

2 This song repeat, repeat, ye saints in glory,
God is love!
And saints on earth shout back the pleasing story,
God is love!
In this let heaven and earth agree,
To sound his love both full and free,
And let the theme forever be,
God is love!
Creation speaks with thousand tongues proclaiming,
God is love!
And providence unites her voice, exclaiming,
God is love!
But let the burden'd sinner hear
The Gospel sounding loud and clear,
To every soul both far and near,
God is love!

4 This heavenly love all round is sweetly flowing,
God is love!
And in my heart the sacred fire is glowing,
God is love!
That God is love I know full well;
And had I power his love to tell,
With loudest notes my song should swell,
God is love!

5 The love of God is now my greatest pleasure,
God is love!
And while I live I'll ask no greater treasure,
God is love!
This theme shall be my song below;
And when to glory I shall go,
This strain eternally shall flow,
God is love!



Teachers. Children, can you truly tell, Do you know the story well, Every girl and every boy, Why the angels sing for joy.
Scholars. Yes, we know the story well, Listen now, and hear us tell, Every girl and every boy, Why the angels sing for joy.

CHORUS.—*Lively.*

On a Sunday morning, On a Sunday morning, On a Sunday morning, The an- gels sing for joy.

Scholars.

- 3 Angels rolled the rock away,
 Death gave up his mighty prey,
 Jesus triumphed o'er the tomb,
 Rising with immortal bloom,
 On a Sunday morning.

All.

- 4 Lift ye saints, lift up your eyes,
 Now to glory see him rise;
 Hosts of angels on the road,
 Hail and sing th'incarnate God,
 On a Sunday morning.
- 5 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Jesus burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Jesus opened Paradise
 On a Sunday morning.

- 6 "Peace" our every heart shall fill,
 "Peace on earth, to men good will;"
 We will join the angel's song,
 And the pleasant notes prolong
 On a Sunday morning.

On a Christmas morning. 2d hymn.

- 1 Children can you truly tell,
 Do you know the story well,
 Every girl and every boy,
 Why the angels sing for joy,
 On the Christmas morning?
- 2 Yes, we know the story well,
 Listen, now, and hear us tell
 Every girl and every boy,
 Why the angels sing for joy
 On the Christmas morning.

ON A SUNDAY MORNING. Concluded.

7

3 Shepherds sat on the ground,
Fleecy flocks, scattered round,
When the brightness filled the sky,
And a song was heard on high,
On the Christmas morning.

4 "Joy and peace" the angels sang,
Far the pleasant echoes rang,

"Peace on earth, to men good will,"
Hark! the angels sing it still,
On the Christmas morning.

5 "Peace" our every heart shall fill,
"Peace on earth, to men good will,"
Hear us sing the angels' song,
And the pleasant notes prolong
On the Christmas morning.

THE SCHOOL GATHERING.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 We come! come! with loud acclaim To sing the praise of Jesus' name; And make the vaulted temples ring With
D.C. And lowly end, to offer there, From youthful lips our humble prayer—To him who slept on Mary's knee, A

FINE.

D.C.

loud H - sannas to our King. With joy-ful heart and smiling face, We gather round the throne of grace,
gen - tle child, as young as we.

2 We come! we come! the song to swell,
Of him who loved the world so well;
That stooping from his Father's throne,
He died to claim us as his own.
With joy we haste the aisles to fill,

Yet youthful bands are gathering still.
Oh, thus may we, in heaven above,
Unite in praises and in love;
And still the angels fill their home
With joyful cry, "They come! they come!"

THE LAND OF PLEASURE.

1. (There is a land of pleasure, Where streams of joy forev - er roll,
'Tis there I have my treasure, And [Omit.....] there I hope to land my soul.) Long

2. (I'm on my way to Canaan, Still guided by my Saviour's hand,
Oh, come a - long, poor sinner, And [Omit.....] see Immanuel's happy land!) To

darkness dwelt a - round me, With scarcely once a cheering ray, But since my Saviour found me A
all that stay be - hind me, I bid a - long, a last fare-well! But come, dear friends, go with me, And

light has shone a - long my way, But since my Saviour found me, A light has shone a - long my way.
with the ransomed ev - er dwell, But come, dear friends, go with me, And with the ransomed ev - er dwell.

3 Death's waves shall not affright me,
Although they're deeper than the grave,
If Jesus will stand by me,
I'll calmly ride on Jordan's wave.
His word hath calmed the ocean,
His lamp hath cheered the gloomy vale;
Oh, may this friend be with me,
When thro' the gates of death I sail!

4 Soon, soon th'archangel's trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll;
Then shall I see my Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance,
And take his ransomed people home.

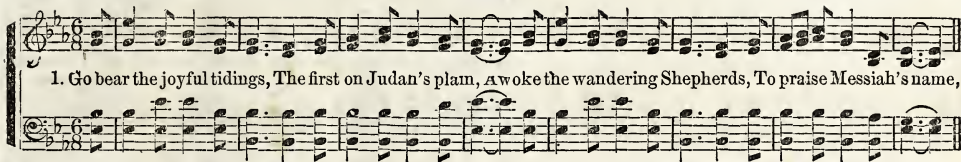
GO BEAR THE JOYFUL TIDINGS.

9

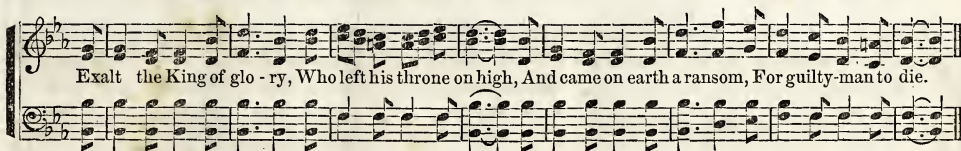
Words by [V.]

MISSIONARY.

T. F. SEWARD.

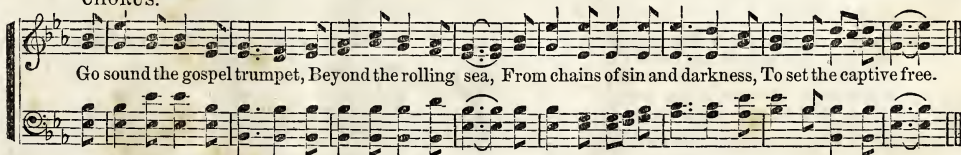


1. Go bear the joyful tidings, The first on Judan's plam, Awoke the wandering Shepherds, To praise Messiah's name,



Exalt the King of glo - ry, Who left his throne on high, And came on earth a ransom, For guilty-man to die.

CHORUS.



Go sound the gospel trumpet, Beyond the rolling sea, From chains of sin and darkness, To set the captive free.

2 Go in your master's vine-yard,
And labor heart and hand,
The word of life Eternal,
Proclaim to every land,
The sweet and precious promise,
To all who will believe.
Free grace and full salvation,
For all who will receive.
CHO.—Go sound the, &c.

3 Go tell the broken spirit,
That vainly sighs for rest,
There is a home in glory,
A home forever blest,
Go bring the lost to Jesus,
His tender love to share,
Go forth to every nation,
Immortal souls are there.
CHO.—Go sound the, &c.

4 Haste on your work of mercy,
The heavenly call obey,
Go in the strength of Jesus,
The true and living way,
Go like the old disciples,
And tread the path they trod,
Your duty lies before you,
Go—leave the rest to God.
CHO.—Go sound the, &c.

THE MERCY-SEAT. L. M. with Chorus.

1. From ev'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm a sure retreat, 'Tis found

CHORUS

beneath the Mercy-seat. The Mercy-seat, the Mercy-seat, the blessed Mercy-seat, The blessed Mercy seat.

1st. 2d.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet,
It is the blood-bought Mercy-seat.
CHO.—The Mercy-seat, &c.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy-seat.
CHO.—The Mercy-seat, &c.
- 4 There—there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat,
CHO.—The Mercy-seat, &c.

The Wanderer invited.—Tune. OBERLIN.

- 1 Wanderer from God, return, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires, that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Wanderer from God return, return;
Thy Father hears that deep-felt sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
And mercy's voice invites thee nigh.
- 3 Wanderer from God, return, return;
Renounce thy fears: thy Saviour lives;
Go to his bleeding cross, and learn
How freely, fully he forgives.

1. (Doth sorrow's shadow ho-ver o'er thee, Think, think of Je-sus,) Je-sus, Think of him on earth descending

2. Neath thy sins and sorrows bending, With thy griefs his bosom rending, Think, think of Je-sus.

2 If morning's light to joy awaken,
Think, think of Jesus,
Should evening find thee lone, forsaken,
Think, think of Jesus,
Should Time's hands of friends bereave thee,
And thy brightest hopes deceive thee,
Think of one who will not leave thee,
Think, think of Jesus.

3 When stormy passions rise within thee,
Think, think of Jesus,
When earthly pleasure lures to win thee,
Think, think of Jesus,
Though the cup of anguish draining,
Cease thy wearied soul's complaining
See the Lamb in glory reigning,
Think, think of Jesus.

OBERLIN. L. M.

1. O Jesus, full of truth and grace, O all-atoning Lamb of God! I wait to see thy glorious face, I seek redemption in thy blood.

2. Thou art the anchor of my hope ;
Thy faithful promise I receive ;
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I might live.

3. Satan, with all his arts, no more,
Me from the gospel hope can move :
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love,



1. The days for play are past, The Sabbath come at last, We've met a happy band in our own loved Sabbath school,
2. When thought recalls the past And sins are on us cast, We know they quickly feel what our aching hearts would say,

CHORUS.

With cheerful smiles we're seen, To greet with joyful mien, Our teachers at our own dear Sabbath school. Teachers true and
Although we may not speak, We'll ever, ever seek, The guidance of such friends so true as they. [faithful]

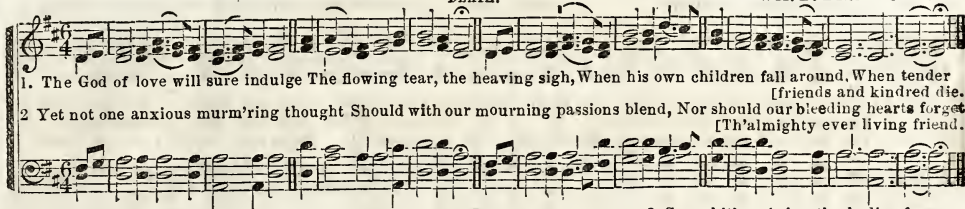
we are sure to find, Ready here to greet us with looks and words so kind, How can we re-pay them

for their work of love, Surely we'll obey them. Our grati-tude to prove.

3 Teachers we call our own
May vanish one by one,
The loved ones and the dear ones, they soon
must pass away,
But if we Jesus love,
We'll meet them soon above,
And join with them in songs of endless day,
Cho.—Teachers true, &c.

DEATH.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

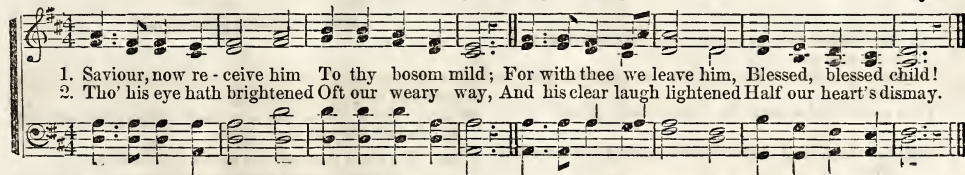


1. The God of love will sure indulge The flowing tear, the heaving sigh, When his own children fall around, When tender
[friends and kindred die.
2 Yet not one anxious murm'ring thought Should with our mourning passions blend, Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
[Th'almighty ever living friend.

2d Hymn—Just as thou art.

- 3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.
- 1 Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner come, O come.
- 3 Come hither, bring thy boding fears.
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,
Then trembling sinner come, O come.
- 4 Our Father God! to thee we look,
Our Rock, our Portion and our Friend;
And on thy covenant love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.
- 2 Come leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross,
His grace repays all earthly loss,
Then needy sinner! come, O come.
- 4 "The spirit and the bride say, come,
Rejoicing saints re-echo, come.
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
come,
Thy Saviour calls thee—Come, O come.

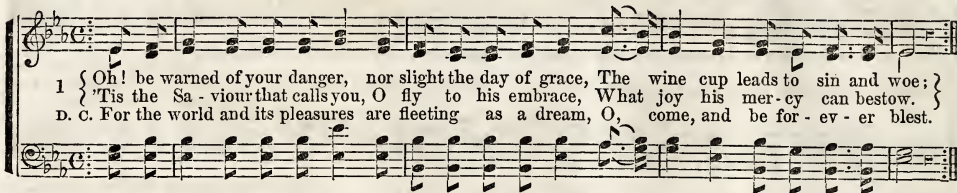
DEATH OF A CHILD.



1. Saviour, now re-ceive him To thy bosom mild; For with thee we leave him, Blessed, blessed child!
2. Tho' his eye hath brightened Oft our weary way, And his clear laugh lightened Half our heart's dismay.
- 3 Now let thought behold him
In his angel rest,
Where those arms enfold him
To a Saviour's breast.
- 4 Yield we, what was given,
At thy holy call:
The beautiful to heaven,
Thou who givest all.
- 5 Still, 'mid heavy mourning,
Look thee now to God!
There, thy spirit turning,
Kneel beside the sod

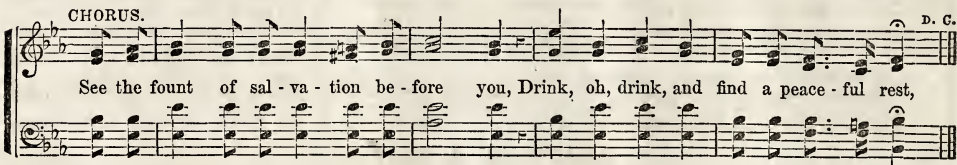
Words by Mrs FANNY CROSBY.

Melody by S. C. FOSTER, by permission of WM. A. POND & Co.



1 { Oh! be warned of your danger, nor slight the day of grace, The wine cup leads to sin and woe; }
 { 'Tis the Sa - viour that calls you, O fly to his embrace, What joy his mer - cy can bestow. }
 D. C. For the world and its pleasures are fleeting as a dream, O, come, and be for - ev - er blest.

CHORUS. D. C.



See the fount of sal - va - tion be - fore you, Drink, oh, drink, and find a peace - ful rest,

2
 Shall your homes still be lonely, and pity strive in vain,
 To wake one feeling in your heart?
 Will you doom those who love you, to sorrow, grief and
 pain?

Oh! come, and choose the better part. *Cho.*

3
 Break the chain that would bind you, that sparkles to de-
 ceive,
 Be warned while yet you may return;
 If the spirit now striving too often you should grieve,
 The lamp of life may cease to burn. *Cho.*

Our loved ones gone before.

1
 Oh! how sweet when we mingle with kindred spirits here,
 And tell of Jesus and his love;
 When by faith we can see him, and feel his presence near,
 It lifts our longing souls above

Cho We shall meet on the banks of the river,
 Happy, happy, there forever more.
 We shall dwell with the angels and join their choral
 song,
 Our loved ones, loved ones gone before.

OUR LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE. Concluded.

15

- 2 Hark! the words of our Master, be faithful, watch and pray,
Press on where joys eternal flow;
Let us journey together along the shining way,
And sing rejoicing as we go. *Cho.*
- 3 We are pilgrims to Zion, though trials we must bear,
Will count them blessings in disguise;

Though the cross may be heavy, the crown we soon shall wear,
In heaven, where pleasure never dies. *Cho.*

4 When we walk thro' the valley and shadow of the tomb,
Dear Saviour thou wilt be our guide;
Thy smile like a sunbeam shall light beyond the gloom,
And keep the ransomed at thy side. *Cho.* (V)

THERE'S A CROWN FOR YOU AND ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2nd.

1 (There's a crown for you and me, When we meet beyond the river;
There from pain and sorrow free, We shall [Omit.....] dwell in bliss forev - er; (Here alas! the parting word
There its tones are never heard,

CHORUS. 1st. 2d.

Thro' our tears is spoken; broken: (Weary pilgrims of a day, Strangers on the earth we roam, home.
Ties no more are [Omit..] Every hour that glides a - - - way, Will bring us nearer

- 2 There's a harp for you and me,
When we meet beyond the river,
There from pain and sorrow free,
We shall strike its chords forever;
Where the angel hosts above
Wake their joyful chorus,
Welcomed by the friends we love,
Dear ones gone before us;

- Pilgrims on a troubled tide,
Where the surges darkly rise,
Jesus, thou wilt safely guide,
To mansions in the skies.
- 3 There's a home for you and me,
When we meet beyond the river,
There from pain and sorrow free,
We shall dwell with Christ forever;

In that sunny region bright,
We shall find our treasure,
Faith be sweetly lost in sight,
Hope in endless pleasure;
Pilgrims on the earth no more,
We shall pass the troubled deep
Where the billows cease to roar,
And storms are lulled to sleep. (V)



1. I ought to love my Saviour! No earthly friend can be One half so kind and faithful, As he has been to me.
2. He left his home in glo ry, To save my soul from death, And now in all life's dangers, He still sustains my breath.

Be - fore my lips could utter His sweet and precious name, Until the present moment, His love has been the same.
I lay me down and slumber All thro' the hours of night; And wake again in safe - ty To hail the morning light.

REFRAIN.

I ought to love my Saviour, My precious, precious Saviour, I ought to love my Saviour, He loves me well I know.
I ought, &c.

3 It is but very little
For him that I can do:
Then let me seek to serve him,
My earthly journey through;
And without sigh or murmur,
To do his holy will:
And in my daily duties,
His wise commands fulfil.

4 And when I reach the mansion
He has prepared for me,
'Twill be my grateful pleasure
My Saviour's face to see.
And 'mid the angel's music,
Which then will greet my ear,
How eagerly I'll listen
My Saviour's voice to hear.

THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.

17

(ANNIVERSARY HYMN.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

m *mf* *f* *cres* *mf*

1. Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na! Ho - san - na be the children's song, To Christ the children's King, His

cres. CHORUS. 1.

praise to whom our souls belong, Let all the children sing. (Hosanna then our songs shall be, Hosan - na to our King, This is the children's ju - bilee, Let all [Omit.....])

2. FULL CHORUS. BOYS. GIRLS. FULL CHORUS.

the children sing. This is the children's jubilee, Jubilee, Jubilee, This is the children's jubilee, Let all the children sing.

2 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna here in joyful bands,
Teachers, and taught, proclaim,
And hail with voices, hearts, and hands,
Our loving Saviour's name. CHO. Hosanna, &c.

3 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean flow,

Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply. CHO. Hosanna, &c.

4 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna, sound from church and hall,
Let every voice ascend.
And this our watchword, one and all,
Hosanna, praise the Lord. CHO. Hosanna, &c.

1. Lo! the Sunday School army is out on re-view, And each school is a reg-iment, valiant and true,

Tho' we meet in di-vi-sions, in church or in hall, Yet the banner of Je-sus floats o-ver us all, Yet the

Girls only. banner of Je-sus floats o-ver us all. *1st.* (For the Cross is the banner that gathers our band, *2d.* And beneath it we march to the *[Omit.....]* heavenly land.

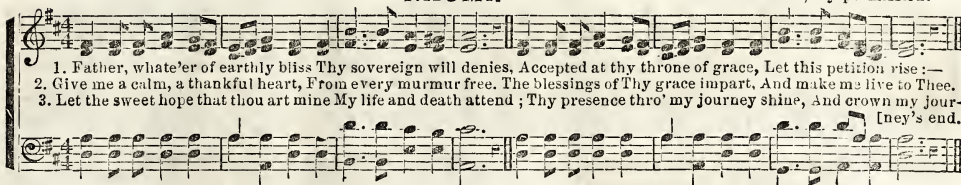
FULL CHORUS. *ff* For the Cross is the banmer that gathers our band, And beneath it we march to the heaven-ly land.

2 In the May-days of old there were oft to be seen,
Where the wreath covered May-pole arose on the green,
Merry children assembled in many a throng,
To encircle their May-tree with dance and with song,
To encircle their May-tree with dance and with song,
But the Cross is our May-tree, and round it we sing,
To the praise of our glorified Saviour and King.
For the Cross is our banner, that gathers our band,
And beneath it we march to the heavenly land.

3 Lo! our Sunday School army is gathered to-day,
In the house of our Father to praise him and pray,
While a chorus of rapture united we sing,
Hallelujah to Jesus our Saviour and King,
Hallelujah to Jesus our Saviour and King,
But the Cross is the word to whose music sublime,
The steps of the Sunday-school army keep time.
But the Cross is the word, to whose music sublime,
The steps of the Sunday-school army keep time.

NAOMI. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON, by permission.

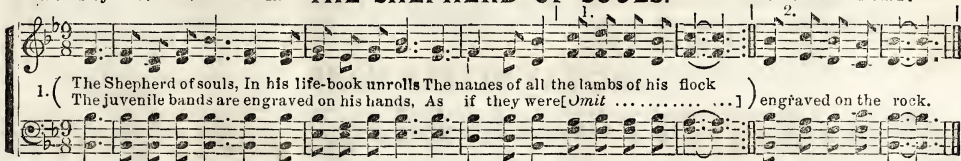


1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies, Accepted at thy throne of grace, Let this petition rise :—
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free. The blessings of Thy grace impart, And make me live to Thee.
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death attend ; Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.

Words by Rev. WM. HUNTER.

THE SHEPHERD OF SOULS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. (The Shepherd of souls, In his life-book unrolls The names of all the lambs of his flock
The juvenile bands are engraved on his hands, As if they were [Omit] engraved on the rock.

2 He looks in his love
From his watch-tower above,
The flocks he bought with blood to survey
And points with his rod
To the pastures of God
And guards them there from going astray.

3 The little ones share
In his tenderest care ;
The lambs are his peculiar delight ;
At noon they are laid
In the cool of the shade,
And nestle in his bosom at night.

4 Great Shepherd, be near,
To deliver from fear,
And shelter from the heat and the cold,
That, safe from alarms,
We may rest in thine arms,
And never more depart from thy fold.

A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
CHORUS.

Boys. 1 (Traveler whither art thou go - ing, Heedless of the clouds that form?)
Girls. 1 (Nought to me the winds rough blowing, Mine's a land without a storm.) And I'm go - ing, yes, I'm

go - ing To the land that has no storms, And I'm going, yes, I'm go - ing To that land that has no storms.

Boys. 2 Traveler, art thou here a stranger,
Not to fear the tempests power?
Girls. I have not a thought of danger,
Tho' the sky more darkly lower. *Cho.*
Boys. 3 Traveler, now a moment linger,
Soon the darkness will be o'er.

Girls. No! I see a beckoning finger,
Guiding to a far off shore. *Cho.*
Boys. 4 Traveler, yonder narrow portal
Opens to receive thy form.
Girls. Yes! but I shall be immortal
In that land without a storm. *Cho.*

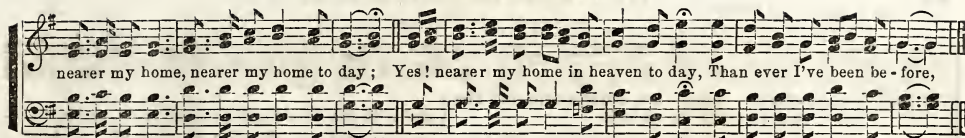
ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

From J. M. EVANS.
CHORUS.

1 A crown of glory bright, By faith's clear eyes I see, In yonder realms of light Prepared for me, I'm nearer my home.

ONE DAY NEARER HOME. Concluded.

21



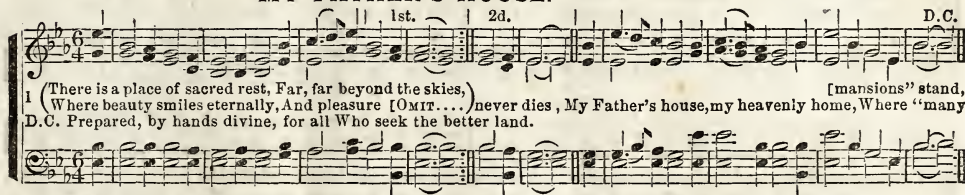
nearer my home, nearer my home to day ; Yes ! nearer my home in heaven to day, Than ever I've been be - fore,

2 O may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be thou my guide,
And all my steps attend,
O keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend.

4 Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard,
And when my work is done,
My great reward.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE. C. M. Double.



1 (There is a place of sacred rest, Far, far beyond the skies,) [mansions" stand,
(Where beauty smiles eternally, And pleasure [Omr....) never dies, My Father's house, my heavenly home, Where "many
D.C. Prepared, by hands divine, for all Who seek the better land.

2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side,—
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide,—
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

3 Yes, even at that fearful hour,
When death shall seize its prey,
And from the place that knows us now,
Shall hurry us away,—

The vision of that heavenly home
Shall cheer the parting soul,
And o'er it mounting to the skies,
A tide of rapture roll.

4 In that pure home of tearless joy
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete :
There, there adieus are sounds unknown ;
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
Untroubled and serene.

Word by KATE CAMERON.



1st. 2d.

1 Oh! { when will be ended our warfare with sin? The }
 { foe that as - sails us without } and with-in: Tho' fierce be the struggle, still let us en-

CHORUS. *f*

dure, For when it is o - ver, the conquest is sure. Then gird on your ar - mor, Gird on your ar - mor,

Follow your Leader and the battle you shall win, For your Captain's gone before you, And he'll lead you on to victory,

Fol - low your Leader, Fol - low your Leader, Fol - low your Leader, And the battle you shall win.

- 2 Our leader is Jesus, our Captain and King ;
Who will all his army to victory bring,
Though now he is absent we know not how near
May be the glad moment when he shall appear.
Then gird, &c.
- 3 We look for his coming, and think night and day
Of his parting order, to watch and to pray,
The sword and the spirit we'll grasp in our hand,

And like valiant soldiers, make desperate stand.
Then gird, &c.

- 4 He daily watches our souls to ensnare ;
No weapon will daunt him but Faith, Truth, and Prayer ;
With these we may conquer each foe that we meet,
And lay down the trophies at our leader's feet.
Then gird, &c.

ANOTHER YEAR. (Anniversary Hymn.)

Or, the Golden Rule.



1st. 2d. CHORUS. *f*

1 { Anoth - er year, another year, By God's grace has been given, }
That we may tread with hearts sincere, The path that leads } to heaven, Our dearest guide, the golden

rule, Has been the precious Sabbath School, The Sabbath School, the Sabbath School, The blessed, blessed Sabbath
(School.)

2.
Another year, another year,
We've hailed with happy greeting,
Our teachers and our schoolmates dear,
In this loved place of meeting.
Cho. Our dearest guide, &c.

3.
We know not but another year
These precious ties may sever ;
And friends who to our hearts are near,
May then be gone forever.
Cho. Our dearest guide, &c.

4.
Oh ! let us wisely spend each year,
Which is, at best, so fleeting,
So that at last we all may hear
With joy the angel's greeting.
Cho. Our dearest guide, &c.

HEAVENLY SONG.



"FOR THEY THAT SAY SUCH THINGS DECLARE PLAINLY THAT THEY SEEK A COUNTRY." Heb. 11. 14.

TEACHERS. There's a country, dear children of endless delight, Unclouded by sorrow, ne'er shaded in night, Where the spirits in
SCHOLARS. And may all the children unite with that throng? Shall they to the choir ce-lestial belong? Oh! say, may our

glo-ry u-nite in the psalm, Ascribing all honor to God and the Lamb. Will you go? will you go, To join them in
voices with seraphim chime, And join the redeemed in that music sublime? May we go, may we go, And join the re-

praise un-to God and the Lamb? Will you go? will you go, To join them in praise unto God and the Lamb?
deemed in that mu-sic sub-lime? May we go, May we go, And join the redeemed in that music sub-lime?

3. TEACHERS.

Yes, come with your young hearts to Jesus, and pray
That early he'll help you to find the good way!
Oh! he'll meet you, dear ones, with his own smile of love
And appoint you a place in the mansions above.

You may come,
He'll give you a place in the mansions above.

4. ALL.

O Heaven! with joy from this world of distress,
Where sin is a burden, and trials oppress—
From the wilderness drear, where uncertain we roam
We look to that land where the soul has a home,

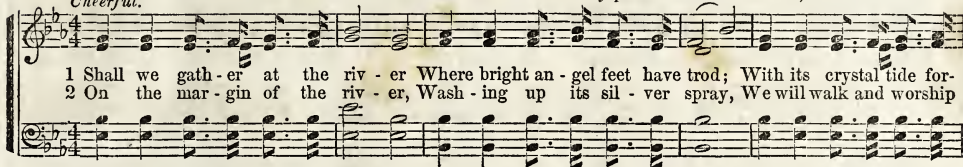
We will go,
Will go to that land where the soul has a home.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

25

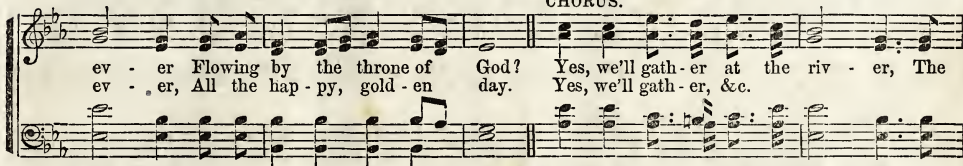
"AND HE SHEWED ME A PURE RIVER OF WATER OF LIFE, CLEAR AS CRYSTAL, PROCEEDING OUT OF THE THRONE OF GOD AND OF THE LAMB."—Rev. xxii. 1. By permission of the author, Rev. R. LOWRY.

Cheerful.

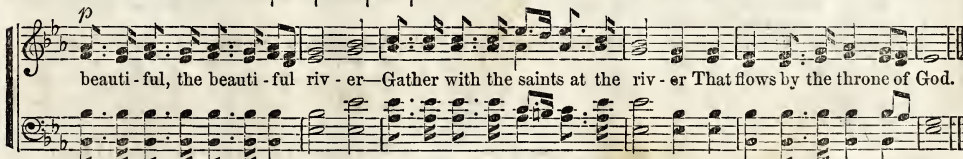


1 Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod; With its crystal tide for -
2 On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray, We will walk and worship

CHORUS.



ev - er Flowing by the throne of God? Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The
ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day. Yes, we'll gath - er, &c.



p
beauti - ful, the beauti - ful riv - er—Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-king we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.—*Cho.*

4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.—*Cho.*

5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.—*Cho.*

6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

A SAVIOUR EVER NEAR.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gently—Softly.

1. Hush'd be my murmurings, let cares depart, Je - sus is near me to cheer my heart; He's near to help me

whilst life's hours remain, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain.

CHORUS.

Forte.

{ Gen - tle angels near me glide, }
{ Hopes of glo - ry round me bide. } And there lingers by my side, A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ev - er

near, A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ever near.

2 Why should I languish—why should I fear?
In sorrow and anguish He's ever near;
Sleeping or waking—in pleasure or pain,
Roaming or resting, He'll near me remain.
Cho.—Gentle angels, &c.

3 Scenes that will vanish, smile on me now,
Joys of a moment play round my brow,
But soon in heaven He'll meet me again,
There'll end my sorrow, and there'll end my pain.
Cho.—Gentle angels, &c.

BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

27

QUARTETTE.

W. U. BUTCHER. by permission.



1. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, To its glories I fain would fly, When by sorrows press'd down I
 2. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, I shall en-ter it by and by, There with friends hand in hand, I shall

CHORUS. *Cheerfully.*



long for my crown In that beau-ti-ful land on high. In that beau-ti-ful land I'll be, From
 walk on the strand, In that beau-ti-ful land on high.

earth and its cares set free; My Je-sus is there, He's gone to prepare A place in that land for me.

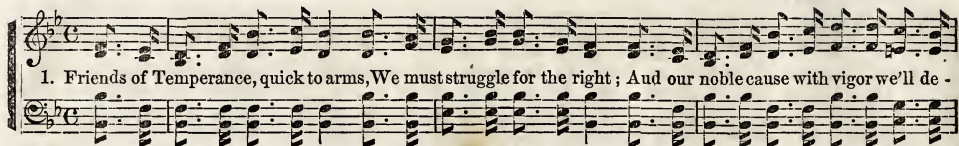
- 3 There's a beautiful land on high,
 Then why should I fear to die,
 When death is the way, to the realms of day,
 In that beautiful land on high.—*Cho.*
- 4 There's a beautiful land on high,
 And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
 And methinks I now see them waiting for me,
 In that beautiful land on high.—*Cho.*

- 5 There's a beautiful land on high,
 Where I never shall weep or sigh;
 For my Father hath said no tear shall be shed
 In that beautiful land on high.—*Cho.*
- 6 There's a beautiful land on high,
 Where we never shall say "good-bye;"
 Where the righteous will sing, and their chorus will ring
 In that beautiful land on high.—*Cho.*

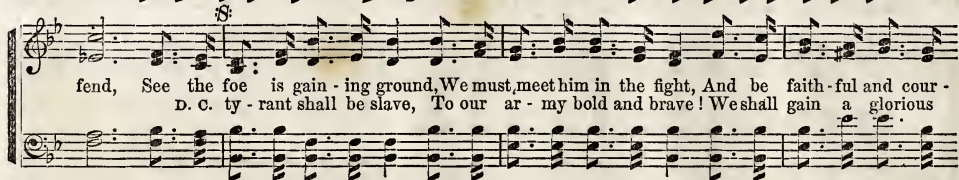
TEMPERANCE RALLYING SONG.

Words by Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

GEO. F. ROOT, by permission.

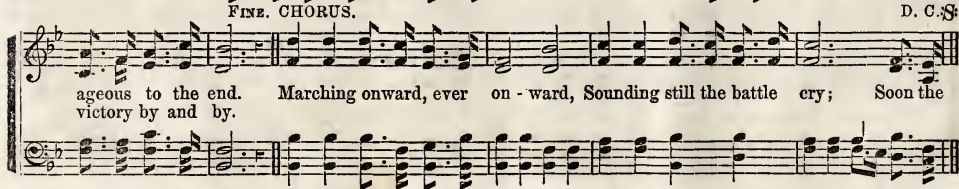


1. Friends of Temperance, quick to arms, We must struggle for the right; And our noble cause with vigor we'll de-



fend, See the foe is gain - ing ground, We must meet him in the fight, And be faith - ful and cour -
D. C. ty - rant shall be slave, To our ar - my bold and brave! We shall gain a glorious

FINE. CHORUS. D. C. 8.



ageous to the end. Marching onward, ever on - ward, Sounding still the battle cry; Soon the
victory by and by.

- 2 Like the fatal wind that sweeps
O'er the the deserts burning plain;
Is the deep and deadly poison of his breath,
While the aged and the young:
He is binding with a chain.
That will lead them on by thousands down to death. *Cho.*
- 3 Throw our banner to the breeze,
Let the wings that claim redress,
Be our signal and our watchword as we go;

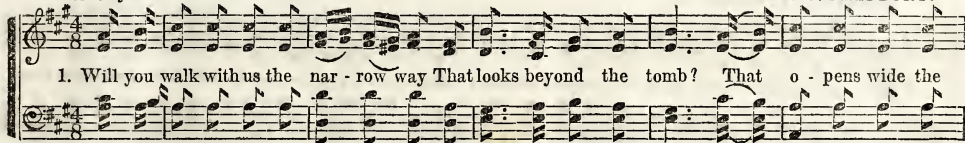
- Like the veterans of the past,
We will never, never rest,
Till our weapons deal destruction to the foe. *Cho.*
- 4 Friends of Temperance, quick to arms,
We must struggle for the right;
And our noble cause with vigor we'll defend:
See the foe is gaining ground,
We must meet him in the fight,—
And be faithful and courageous to the end. *Cho.*

THE NARROW WAY.

29

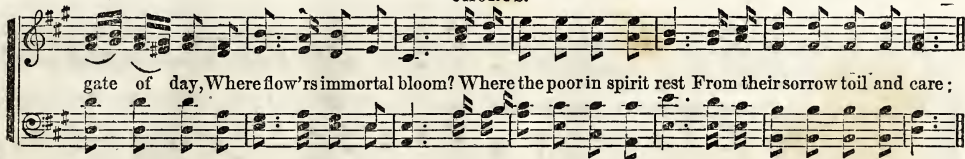
Words by Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

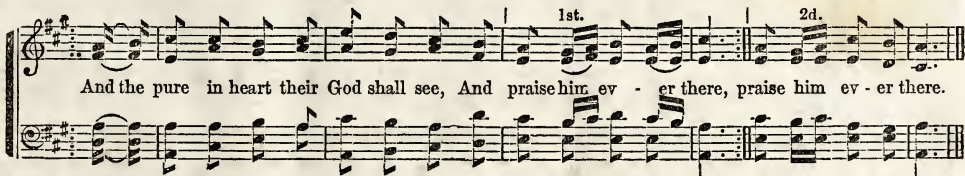


1. Will you walk with us the nar - row way That looks beyond the tomb? That o - pens wide the

CHORUS.



gate of day, Where flow'rs immortal bloom? Where the poor in spirit rest From their sorrow toil and care;



And the pure in heart their God shall see, And praise him ev - er there, praise him ev - er there.

1st. 2d.

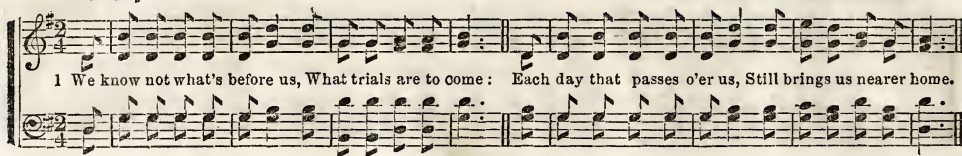
- 2 Will you come with us and join the throng,
That march to Canaan's shore?
Will you come with us and learn the song,
Where friends have gone before?
Cho. Where the poor, &c.
- 3 Will you come with us o'er Jordan's stream,
Where God will safely guide?

His rod and staff our comfort still
Will bear us o'er the tide.

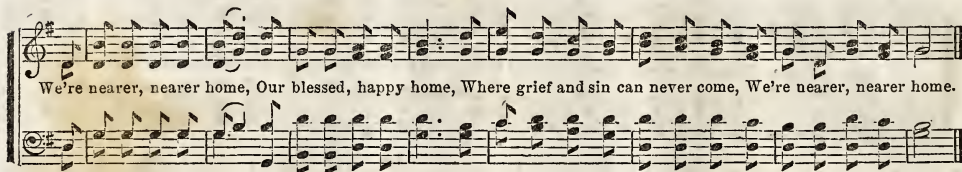
Cho. Hallelujah God is love,
Hallelujah God is love,
When a few more storms have passed away,
We'll meet in the realms above.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

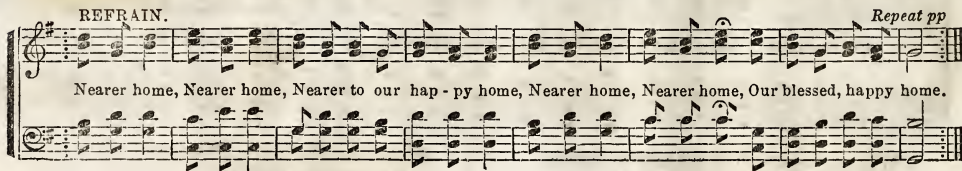


1 We know not what's before us, What trials are to come: Each day that passes o'er us, Still brings us nearer home.



We're nearer, nearer home, Our blessed, happy home, Where grief and sin can never come, We're nearer, nearer home.

REFRAIN.



Nearer home, Nearer home, Nearer to our hap - py home, Nearer home, Nearer home, Our blessed, happy home.

2 Though dark our path, and lonely,
And clouds our sky o'ercast,
O let us each remember,
The storm will soon be past,
We're nearer, nearer home. &c.

3 Whate'er of gloom or anguish
Life to our hearts may bring,
In doubt we will not languish,
But cheerfully we'll sing,
We're nearer, nearer home. &c.

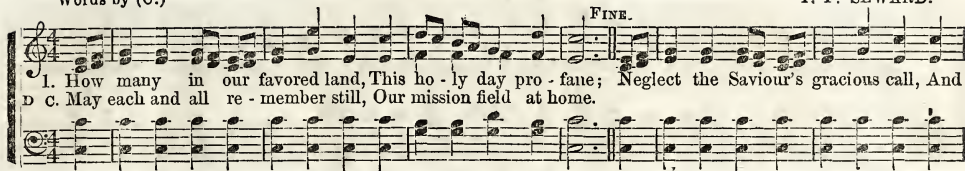
OUR MISSION FIELD AT HOME.

31

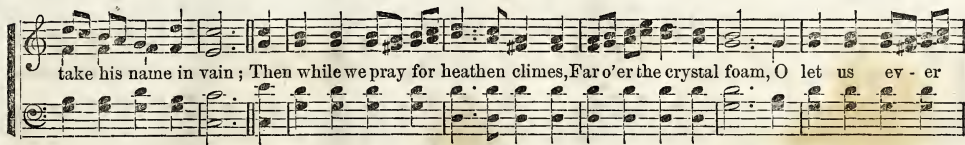
Words by (C.)

T. F. SEWARD.

FINE.

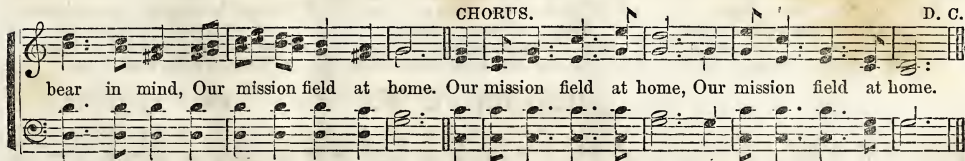


1. How many in our favored land, This ho - ly day pro - fane; Neglect the Saviour's gracious call, And
D C. May each and all re - member still, Our mission field at home.



take his name in vain; Then while we pray for heathen climes, Far o'er the crystal foam, O let us ev - er

CHORUS.



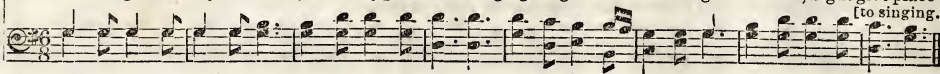
bear in mind, Our mission field at home. Our mission field at home, Our mission field at home. *D. C.*

2 "Go feed my Lambs," our Saviour said,
And bring them to my fold,
For us the same command is given,
As then to him of old;
While others toil for dying souls,
Far o'er the ocean's foam,
Be ours to wave its noble cause,
Our mission field at home.
Cho. Our mission, &c.

3 How many a poor neglected child
With pleading eyes we meet,
A gentle word might hither guide
Its little wandering feet,
A precious lamb, that God may bless,
Beneath this hallowed dome,
Then let us ever bear in mind,
Our mission field at home.
Cho. Our mission, &c.



1. Ah! this heart is void and chill, 'Mid earth's noisy throngings; For my Father's mansions still Earnestly is longing,
 2. Soon the glorious day will dawn, Heav'nly pleasures bringing; Night will be exchanged for morn, Sighs give place ^[to singing.]



Refrain.



Looking home, Looking home, Towards the heav'nly mansion Jesus hath prepared for me, In his Father's kingdom.



- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <p>3 Oh! to be at home again,
 All for which we're sighing,
 From all earthly want and pain
 To be swiftly flying.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>4 With this load of sin and care,
 Then no longer bending,
 But with waiting angels there
 On our soul attending.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>5 Blessed home, oh! blessed home,
 All for which we're sighing,
 Soon our Lord will bid us come
 To our Father's kingdom.</p> |
|--|--|--|

HUDSON. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Jesus! thou art the sinner's friend, As such I look to thee; Now, in the fullness of thy love, O Lord! remember me.



- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>2 Remember thy pure word of grace—
 Remember Calvary;
 Remember all thy dying groans,
 And, then, remember me.</p> | <p>3 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
 But thy salvation's free;
 Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
 Dear Lord! remember me.</p> | <p>4 And when I close my eyes in death,
 When creature helps all flee,
 Then, O my dear Redeemer-God!
 I pray, remember me.</p> |
|---|--|---|

1 O God of truth to thee I cry,
Be thou my guide, my friend;
Send thy good Spirit from on high,
My footsteps to attend.

2 In mercy listen to my prayer,
And in my early days
May I thy precious blessing share,
Thy smile on all my ways.

3 For happy is that prayerful youth
Whose guide thou, Saviour, art,
Whose mind is steadfast in thy truth,
Who yields to thee his heart.

THE WELCOME HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (How sweet will be the welcome home, When this short life is o'er, When
pain and sor-row, care and grief. Shall [Omit.....] dwell with us no more.
1. When we that bright and heav'nly land With spir-it eyes shall see, And
join the ho-ly an-gel band, In [Omit.....] praise, dear Lord, of thee.)

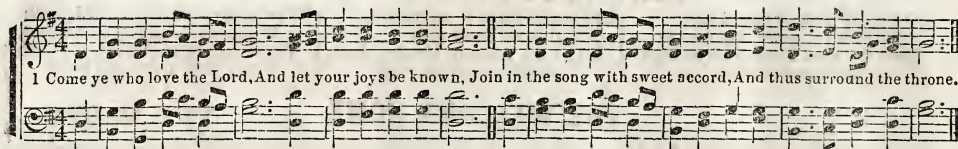
FULL CHORUS.

1. The welcome home, the welcome home, The Christian's welcome home,
Welcome home. The Christian's welcome home.
2.

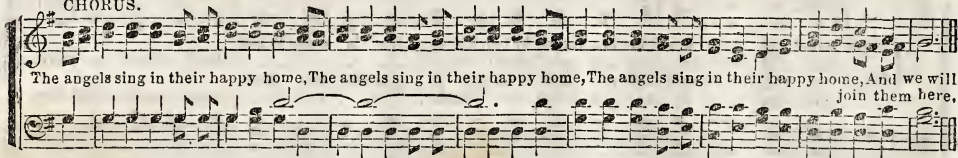
In the last stanza the chorus may be repeated pp.

2 Lord, grant my frail and wayward bark
May anchor sure and fast,
Beside the shining gates of pearl,
Where I may rest at last!
When once within, my soul shall know
No hunger, thirst or pain,
No sickness, sorrow, care or death
Shall visit me again!—Cho.

3 Oh may I live while here below,
In view of that blest day,
When God's bright angels shall come down
To bear my soul away!
When I shall walk the golden streets,
In garments white and pure;
And sing an endless song to him,
Who made my soul secure!—Cho.



CHORUS.

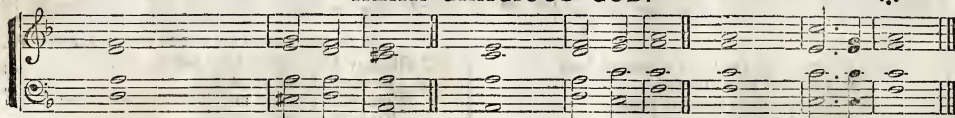


- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But children of the Heavenly King,
May speak their joys abroad.—*Cho.*
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,

Before we reach the Heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.—*Cho.*

- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.—*Cho.*

HEAR GRACIOUS GOD.



- 1 Hear, gracious God! my humble moan,
To thee I | breathe my | sighs; ||
When will the mournful night be gone,
||: And when my | joys a- | rise? :||

- 2 My God! oh, could I make the claim—
My Father, | and my | Friend—
And call thee mine, by every name,
||: On which thy | saints de- | pend—:||

3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy | grace en- | treat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
||: Nor leave thy | mercy | seat. :||

4 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is | all my | stay;
Here I would rest till light returns—
||: Thy presence | makes my | day. :||

5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my | aching | heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
||: And all the | gloom de- | part. :||

6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless the | healing | rays,
And change these deep, complaining sighs
||: To songs of | sacred | praise. :||

THE HEAVENLY CHORUS.



FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERTS.

1 We lift our voices, In a strain of gladness, And the songs upon our tongues, Banish all our sadness.
Small streams that murmur, Round each humble dwelling, While they flow so still and slow, Keep the tide-waves swelling.
3 If we with patience Run the race be - fore us, Soon our King will bid us sing In the heavenly chorus.

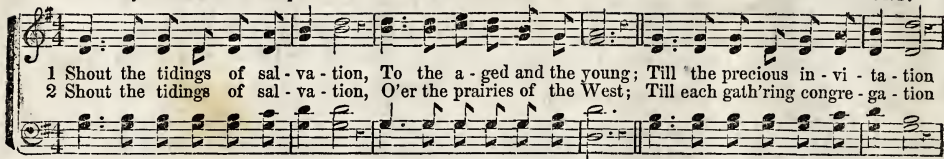
Children and parents, Cordial-ly in - vit - ed, Praise the Lord with one accord, Voices all u - nit - ed.
Thus we to - gether, With our small oblations, All u - nite, to send the light, To the darkened nations.
Let us with meekness Seek his face and fa - vor, And at last, when life is past, Meet the blessed Saviour.

GOOD TIDINGS.

Words by LUCAS HART Esq.

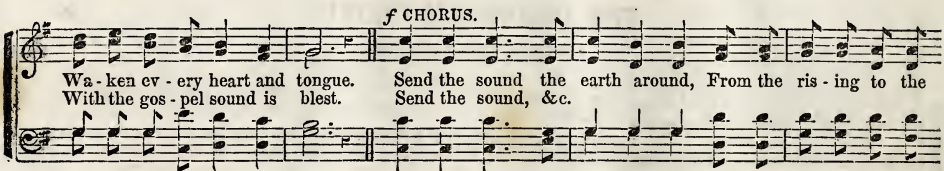
MISSIONARY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

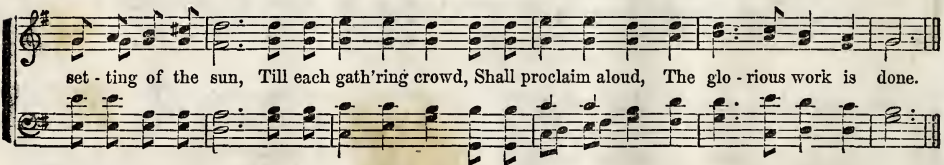


1 Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion, To the a - ged and the young; Till the precious in - vi - ta - tion
2 Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion, O'er the prairies of the West; Till each gath'ring congre - ga - tion

f CHORUS.



Wa - ken ev - ery heart and tongue. Send the sound the earth around, From the ris - ing to the
With the gos - pel sound is blest. Send the sound, &c.



set - ting of the sun, Till each gath'ring crowd, Shall proclaim aloud, The glo - rious work is done.

3 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar;
Till the ships of every nation,
Bear the news from shore to shore.
Cho.—Send the sound, &c.

4 Shout the tidings of salvation,
O'er the islands of the sea:
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.
Cho.—Send the sound, &c.

WE COME WITH SONG TO GREET YOU. WM. B. BRADBURY. 37

1 Another week has passed away, Time swiftly speeds along ; We come again to praise and pray, And sing our greeting song.

Repeat softly.

we come,.... we come,.... we come with song to greet you, We come ... we come,.... we come with song again.
 we come, we come, we come, We come, we come, we come, we come,

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| 2 We come, the Saviour's name to praise,
To sing the wondrous love,
Of him who guards us all our days,
And guides to heaven above. | 3 We'll sing of mercies daily given,
Through every passing year,
We'll sing the promises of heaven,
With voices loud and clear. | 4 O, let us live that we may share,
Unfading joys above,
How sweet through endless happy years
To sing redeeming love. |
|---|--|---|

STEADFAST. L. M.



1 Now I resolve, with all my heart, With all my powers, to serve the Lord ; Nor from his precepts e'er depart Whose service is a
 [rich reward.]

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 2 Oh ! be his service all my joy !
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine. | 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands, rejoice. | 4 Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways :
Great God ! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise. |
|---|---|--|

CANAAN'S HAPPY LAND.



1. We are bound for Canaan's hap - py land, We are bound for Canaan's hap - py land, We are
Cho. Singing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, Singing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, Singing
 2. Say, comrades, will you go with us, Say, comrades, will you go with us, Say

1. bound for Canaan's happy land, Oh, will you meet us there?
 glo - ry. hal - le - [Omit.....] lu - jah, We're bound for Canaan's land.
 comrades, will you go with us, To Canaan's happy land?

3. To our Sunday School we'll all repair,
 To our Sunday School we'll all repair,
 And we'll sing with one accord while there
 Of Canaan's happy land!
Cho. Singing glory, &c.

4. Our Saviour he will lead us on,
 Our Saviour he will lead us on,
 Our Saviour he will lead us on,
 To Canaan's happy land!
Cho. Singing glory, &c.

5. Let us meet dear parents in that land,
 Let us meet dear teachers in that land,
 Let us meet dear schoolmates in that land,
 On Canaan's happy shore!
Cho. Singing glory, &c.

WE LOVE TO SING TOGETHER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Girls. *Boys and Girls.*

1. (We love to sing togeth - er, We love to sing togeth - er, Our hearts and voices one ;)
 To praise our heavenly Father, To praise our, &c. And [Omit.....] his e - ter - nal Son.

WE LOVE TO SING TOGETHER. Concluded.

39

Girls 1. Repeat FULL CHORUS. 2.

We love, we love, we love, we love, we love to sing to - gether; We love to sing to - gether.

2 We love to pray together
To Jesus on his throne,
And ask that he will ever
Accept us as his own.
We love, we love, &c.

3 We love to read together.
The word of saving truth,
Whose light is shining ever
To guide our early youth.
We love, we love, &c.

4 We love to be together
Upon the Sabbath-day,
And strive to help each other
Along the heavenly way.
We love, we love, &c.

REST. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by [the last of foes]

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost its venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus; peaceful rest;
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power,

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

The Resurrection.

1 Awhile they rest within the tomb
In sweet repose, till morning come!
Then rise with joy to meet their God,
And ever dwell in his abode.

2 Celestial dawn! triumphant hour!
How glorious that awakening power,
Which bids the sleeping dust arise,
And join the anthems of the skies!

3 This weary life will soon be past,
The ling'ring morn will come at last,
And gloomy mists will roll away
Before that bright, unfading day.

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

Words by LUCY LARCOM.

WM. B. BRADBURY

1. (If I were a sunbeam, I know what I'd do;
I would seek white li-lies, Roaming woodlands thro'.) I would steal among them, Softest light I'd shed;
Un-til every li - ly Raised its drooping head, Un-til every li - ly Raised its drooping head.

2.

3.

If I were a sunbeam. I know where I'd go;
Into lowliest hovels, Dark with want and woe,
Till sad hearts look'd upward, I would shine and shine,
Then they'd think of heav'n, Their sweet home and mine.

Art thou not a sunbeam, Child, whose life is glad,
With an inner radiance Sunshine never had?
Oh, as God hath blessed thee, Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam But must die or shine.

A BRIGHT SABBATH MORN.

Arranged from ROSSINI.

END.

Sprightly.

1. Forth we go on a bright Sabbath morn, While the dew is on the lawn, List to the joyful notes that flow, On we go, we go.

A BRIGHT SABBATH MORN. Concluded.

41

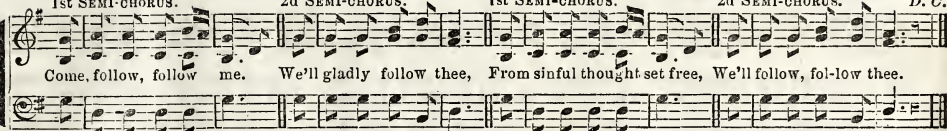
1st SEMI-CHORUS.

2d SEMI-CHORUS.

1st SEMI-CHORUS.

2d SEMI-CHORUS.

D. C.



Come, follow, follow me. We'll gladly follow thee, From sinful thought set free, We'll follow, fol-low thee.

2 We will leave all worldly care,
And this hour we'll spend in pray'r,
Hark, how the heav'nly anthems flow,
On they go, they go.
Come follow, &c.

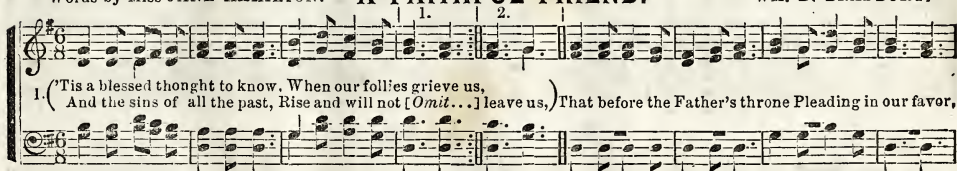
3 Blessed art thou, Sabbath joys,
Free from toil and care and noise ;
Well we love in thy courts to stay,
Happy day, happy day.
Come follow, &c.

4 Let our songs of praise ascend,
And with angel music blend,
Until God in love shall say—
Come away, away !
Come follow, &c.

Words by Miss JANE HAMILTON.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. ('Tis a blessed thought to know, When our follies grieve us,
And the sins of all the past, Rise and will not [Omit...] leave us,) That before the Father's throne Pleading in our favor,



making all our cause his own, Stands our precious Saviour (Jesus is a faithful friend, He'll forsake us never.
Jesus is a faithful friend, Love and serve him [Omit.] ev - er.)

2 Jesus owns our worthless names
At the court of heaven,
Stands and pleads that for his sake
We may be forgiven,
Pleads by that lone night of woe,
Spent in sad Gethsemane,

And the precious blood be shed,
On the Cross of Calvary.—*Cho.*

3 Though we long have turned aside
From his gentle warning,

Treated all his love with pride,
And his words with scorn ;
Still his love abides the same,
Faithful, true and tender
Still he stands at God's right hand,
Ever our Defender.—*Cho.*

THE HAPPY SONG.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 We are now in youth's bright morning, Cherri-ly we're passing on; Joys around us sweetly dawning,
 2 If the charms of earth are fleet-ing, And should quickly pass away; Still the Ho-ly Spir-it's greeting,

REFRAIN.

Tell us joys may yet be won. We are young, and we are hap-py, We are hap-py,
 Shall not with those charms decay. We are young, &c.

hap-py in our song, We are young, and we are hap-py, hap-py, hap-py in our song.

For the last stanza, this refrain may be repeated *pp*.

3 Wisdom's cheering voice invites us,
 To the feast of Jesus' love,
 And a foretaste here delights us,
 On our way to realms above. *Cho.*

4 When we cross the shining Portal
 On the banks of yonder shore,
 And are clothed in robes immortal
 We'll be happy ever more. *Cho.*

PRAISE THE LORD. 8s & 7s. Double.

✱ 43

1st. 2d.

1 (Praise the Lord, when blushing morning Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew ; [when
Praise him, when revived cre - a - tion Beams with beauty [Omit.....] fair and new. Praise the Lord,

early breezes Come so fragrant from the flowers : Praise, thou willow by the brookside, Praise, ye birds among the bowers.

2 Praise the Lord, and may his blessing
Guide us in the way of truth ;
Keep our feet from paths of error,
Make us holy in our youth.

Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven,
Angels, sing your sweetest lays,
All things utter forth his glory ;
Sound aloud Jehovah's praise.

MANOAH. L. M.

PRAYER.

✱

1 Come, Holy Spirit ! calm my mind, And fit me to approach my God ; Remove each vain, each worldly thought, And lead me
to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire ?
Oh ! kindle now the sacred flame ;
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see ;
Oh ! soothe and cheer my burdened heart ;
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

THE GOLDEN CITY.



1st. 2d. CHORUS.—*Joyfully.*

1 (We seek the golden ci - ty, The ci - ty of our King,) [friends, to-
And as we journey thith-er, We joy- [Omit.....] ful - ly will sing. Come, friends, come,

1st. 2d.

gether let us sing, (Of the Golden Ci - ty, The beauti - ful Golden Ci - ty,)
Of the Golden Ci - ty, The Ci- [Omit.....] ty of our King.

2 Its walls are built of jasper,
Its streets are paved with gold,
And countless are the glories,
Which we shall there behold. *Cho.*

3 The pearly gates stand open,
For there they have no night;
Nor sun, nor moon, nor candle,
The Lamb---He is their light. *Cho.*

4 And there is no more sorrow,
Nor pain, nor death, nor sin;

For nought that worketh evil,
Shall ever enter in. *Cho.*

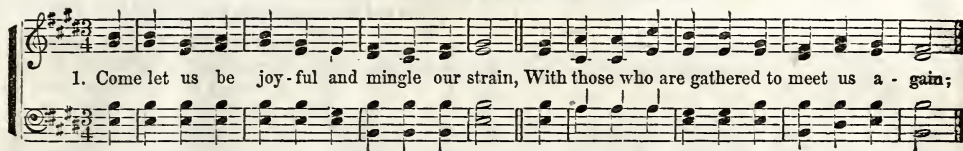
5 And there Life's crystal river,
Eternally shall flow;
While leaves to heal the nations
Beside its waters grow. *Cho.*

6 But through the Golden City,
Our loudest praise shall ring,
When we behold our Saviour,
Our Prophet, Priest and King *Cho.*

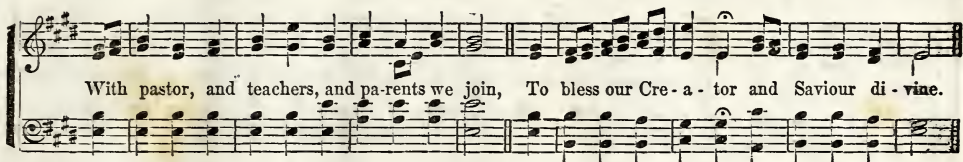
HAPPY GREETING.

Arranged.

45

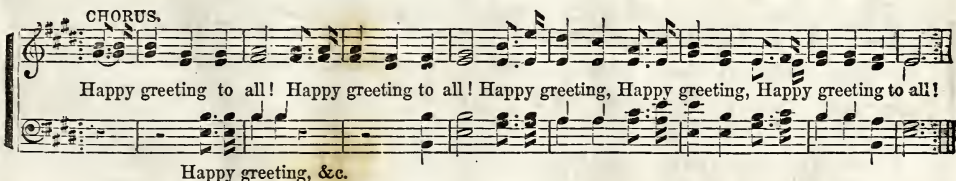


1. Come let us be joy-ful and mingle our strain, With those who are gathered to meet us a - gain;



With pastor, and teachers, and pa-rents we join, To bless our Cre-a - tor and Saviour di-vine.

CHORUS.



Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting, Happy greeting, Happy greeting to all!

Happy greeting, &c.

2 A *year has departed, how rapid its flight,
We welcome another, as joyous and bright;
How kindly our Father has kept us from ill,
He gives us his spirit to watch o'er us still. *Cho.*

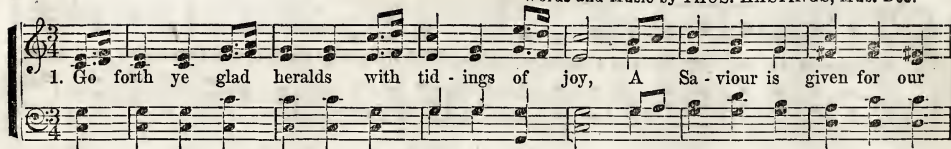
3 Our Sunday school banner is waving to-day,
Our number's increasing, with rapture can say;

* Month, or week.

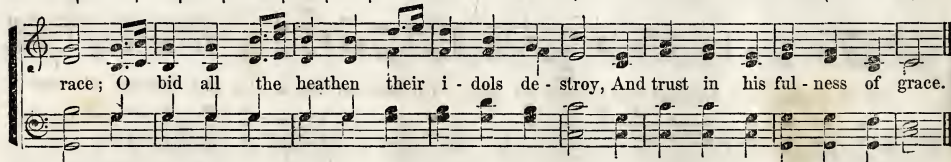
We'll stand by that banner and fight for the Lord.
We'll hope in his mercy, and trust in his word. *Cho.*

3 Our Father in heaven, we render to thee,
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Protect us and keep us, dear Saviour we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray. *Chc.*

Words and Music by THOS. HASTINGS, Mus. Doc.

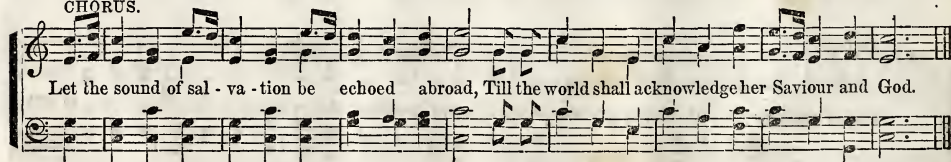


1. Go forth ye glad heralds with tid - ings of joy, A Sa - viour is given for our



race; O bid all the heathen their i - dols de - stroy, And trust in his ful - ness of grace.

CHORUS.



Let the sound of sal - va - tion be echoed abroad, Till the world shall acknowledge her Saviour and God.

2 O tell of his wisdom, his power and his love,
How he labored and languished and bled,
How he rose from the tomb and ascended above,
Rich blessings around us to shed.

Cho. Let the sound, &c.

3 Bid the heathen repent of their sin and believe,
And trust in Immanuel's word;

O tell them his promise can never deceive,
For righteousness dwells with the Lord.

Cho. Let the sound, &c.

4 O tell of his purity, gentleness, grace,
His holiness, kindness and care;
And bid them his offers of pardon embrace,
And unite in thanksgiving and prayer.

Cho. Let the sound, &c.

5 Go forth ye glad heralds, and publish afar
That sinners may now be forgiven;

Go, show them the brightness of Bethlehem's Star,
To lead in the pathway to heaven.

Cho. Let the sound, &c.

THE CROWN OF GLORY.



47

Words by Mrs. E. M. SANGSTER.

1. Go forth! young soldier of the Cross, The battle hour is nigh, And ye have bound the armor on, And sworn to do or die,

CHORUS.

(Our bu - gle ne'er shall sound retreat, While Jesus leads us on.
We will not lay our weapons by, Un - til we wear the crown.) There's a crown of glo - ry for you,

There's a crown of glory for me, There's a crown for you, There's a crown for me, Far away in the promised land.

2.

Be watchful! army of the Cross,
The foe is lurking nigh,
A soul must be the mighty loss,
If but one soldier die.
Whene'er you dare the hostile ranks,
Forget not that within
There hides a most terrific foe,
The wily "inbred sin." CHO.

3.

On guard, young soldier of the Cross,
Thro' all the weary night,
With praise and pray'r, relieve your care,
And keep your armor bright.
Your Jesus once "without the camp,"
Bought liberty for you:
Then bravely fight for truth and right,
And keep your crown in view. CHO.

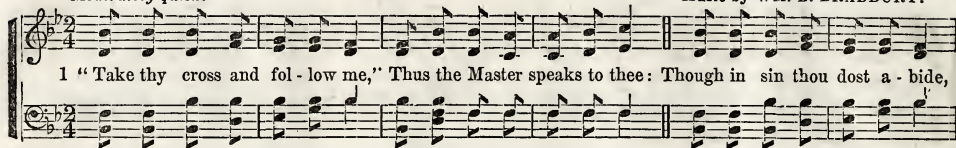
4.

Rejoice! young soldier of the Cross,
The victory is sure,
The harp, the palm, are waiting all
Who to the end endure.
Your weary feet shall walk the street,
All paved with gold on high,
And he who wore a crown of thorns,
Will crown you in the sky. CHO.

TAKE THE CROSS.

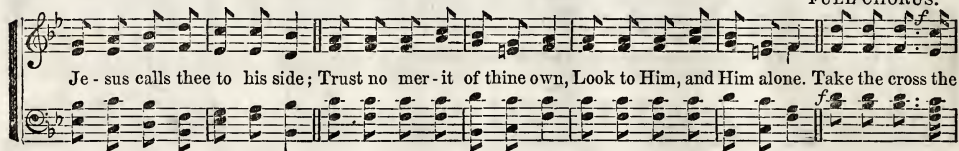
Moderately quick.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

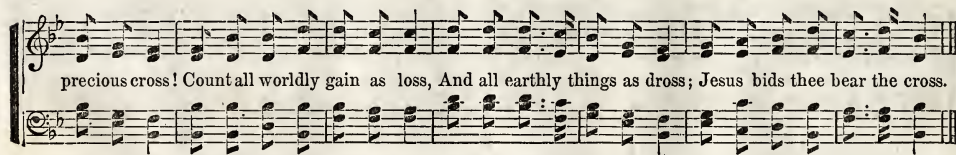


1 "Take thy cross and fol - low me," Thus the Master speaks to thee: Though in sin thou dost a - bide,

FULL CHORUS.



Je - sus calls thee to his side; Trust no mer - it of thine own, Look to Him, and Him alone. Take the cross the



precious cross! Count all worldly gain as loss, And all earthly things as dross; Jesus bids thee bear the cross.

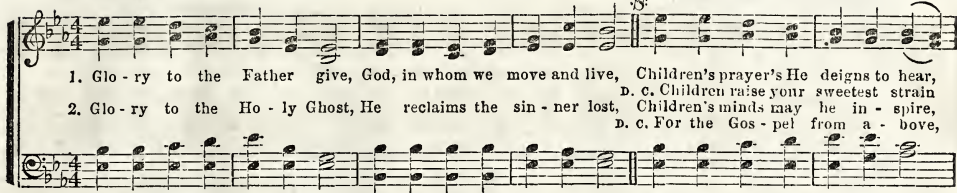
2 There's a cross for thee to bear;
Toil, and pain, and grief, and care,
Yet though heavy it may be
Jesus bore still more for thee!
'Tis the thorny path alone
That can lead thee to His throne. *Cho.*

3 Soon, life's work will all be done,
Soon, thy mortal course be run:
Then, if thou hast faithful been,
And hast triumphed over sin,
Then thy cross thou layest down,
Christ shall give the promised crown. *Cho.*

GLORY TO THE FATHER GIVE.

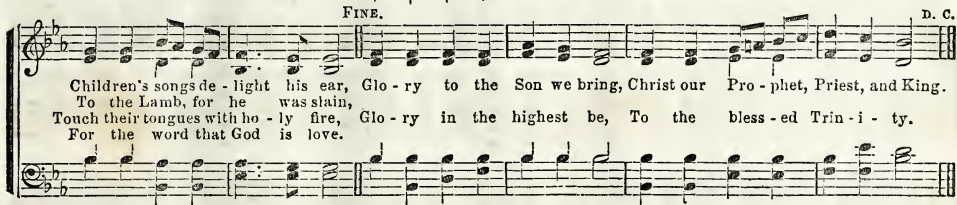
49

REV. W. H. COOK. From "Palm Leaves," by permission.



1. Glo - ry to the Father give, God, in whom we move and live, Children's prayer's He deigns to hear,
 2. Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Ghost, He reclaims the sin - ner lost, Children's minds may he in - spire,
 D. C. For the Gos - pel from a - bove,

FINE.



D. C.

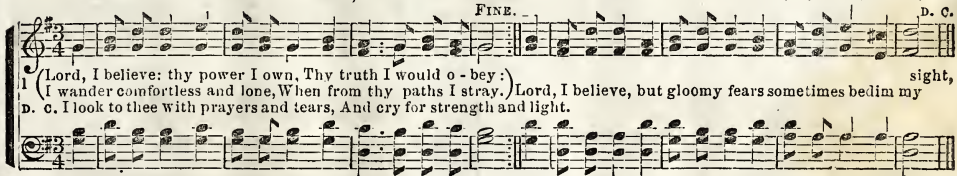
Children's songs de - light his ear, Glo - ry to the Son we bring, Christ our Pro - phet, Priest, and King.
 To the Lamb, for he was slain,
 Touch their tongues with ho - ly fire, Glo - ry in the highest be, To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
 For the word that God is love.

LORD, I BELIEVE. C. M. Double.

"LORD, I BELIEVE: HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

FINE.



D. C.

1 (Lord, I believe: thy power I own, Thy truth I would o - bey:) sight,
 1 (I wander comfortless and lone, When from thy paths I stray.) Lord, I believe, but gloomy fears sometimes bedim my
 D. C. I look to thee with prayers and tears, And cry for strength and light.

2 Lord, I believe: but thou dost know
 My faith is cold and weak;
 Pity my frailty, and bestow
 The confidence I seek.

Yes, I believe, and only thou
 Canst give my soul relief;
 Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow,
 Help thou mine unbelief.

THE LAND OF BEULAH. C. M.

Words by Rev. J. HASKELL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

REFRAIN. *f*

1 (My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
My strongest tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.) O come, an - gel band,

come, and a - round me stand, O bear me a - way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal

home, O bear me a - way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home.

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.—*Cho.*

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;

The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.—*Cho.*

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.—*Cho.*

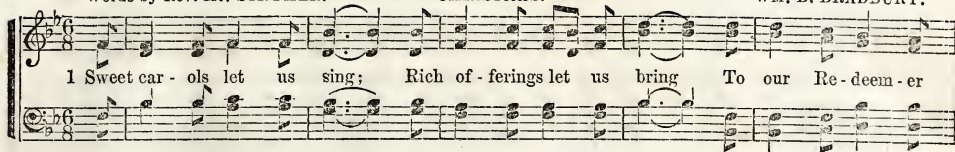
SWEET CAROLS.

51

Words by Rev. Mr. STRYKER.

CHRISTMAS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 Sweet car - ols let us sing; Rich of - ferings let us bring To our Re - deem - er



King, Who reigns in glo - ry. From heav'n to earth he came; Praise to his ho - ly name! Let



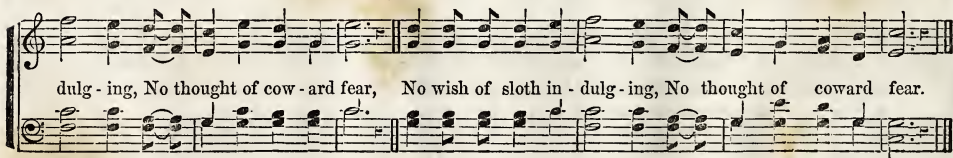
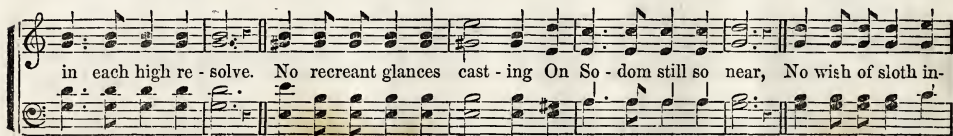
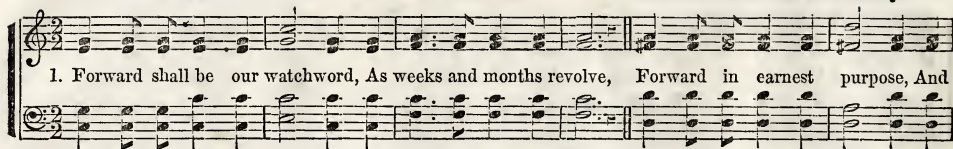
all redeem'd from shame Rehearse the sto - ry; Let all redeem'd from shame Rehearse the sto ry.

2 Above angelic lays
Our Christmas hymns we raise;
With heart and voice we praise
The infant Jesus.
The song ascends on high;
It soars above the sky;
And echo gives reply,
"From sin He frees us."

3 For He, the humble born,
In poverty forlorn,
Subject to bitter scorn,
And vile behaviour;
The Great and Holy One,
Was God's anointed Son,
Who by his deeds hath won,
The name of Saviour.

4 Then on this natal day,
Our tribute let us pay,
And in a joyful lay
Unite our voices.
Loud will we raise the song,
Still the sweet strain prolong;
Thy church, in one vast throng,
O Lord, rejoice.

"SPEAK TO THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL THAT THEY GO FORWARD," Ex. 14: 15.



2 Forward in holy likeness,
 To him unseen we love;
 Forward in faith unyielding,
 His faithfulness to prove.
 Forward to meet our Master,
 Whose coming draweth nigh;
 Forward to reach the guerdon
 Prepared for saints on high.

3 Forward in God's great Army,
 Embattled foes to meet;
 Forward with songs of victory,
 Our conquering Lord to greet.
 Forward in ceaseless effort
 For weal of all around;
 Forward, yes, forward ever,
 Till with Jesus we are crown'd.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN. 53

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
 2. Crown him,—ye morning stars of light! Who formed this floating ball—Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And

crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
 crown him Lord of all, Now hail the strength of Israel's might And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Who ransomed from the fall,
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Glory of the sacred Page.

- 1 What glory glides the sacred page!
 Majestic, like the sun,
 It gives a light to every age;
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The power that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat;
 Its truths upon the nations rise:
 They rise, but never set.
- 3 Lord! everlasting thanks be thine
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 Our souls rejoicingly pursue
 The steps of him we love,
 Till glory break upon our view
 In brighter worlds above.

Perpetual Praise.

- 1 Yes, I will bless thee, O my God,
 Through all my fleeting days;
 And to eternity prolong
 Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
 The honors of my God;
 My life, with all its active powers,
 Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 3 Nor will I cease thy praise to sing,
 When death shall close mine eyes;
 My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
 And sweeter raptures rise.
- 4 Then shall my lips, in endless praise,
 Their grateful tribute pay;
 The theme demands an angel's tongue
 And an eternal day.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

1. List the Sabbath bells, so mer-ri-ly ringing, A thousand happy voi-ces sweet are sing-ing;

A thousand ho-ly thoughts are up-ward springing, To ush-er in this Sab-bath morn,
Learn re-demption's song, ye na-tions, learn it, And sing that song for ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

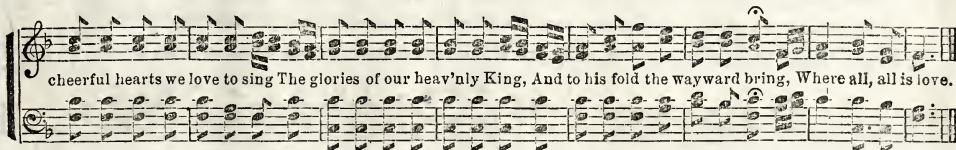
Bear the sa-cred sounds, ye breez-es, bear them, Bear the sa-cred sounds, to eve-ry shore.

- 2 Hear the grateful song of brooklet and river,
And hear the little birds their praise deliver,
A thousand hymns of praise to God the giver,
'Tis music meet for Sabbath day.
Cho.—Bear the sacred sounds, &c.

- 3 Hasten forth to join this glorious chorus,
For see the azure sky is bending o'er us,

And happiness divine is just before us,
If we improve the Sabbath day!
Cho.—Bear the sacred sounds, &c.

- 4 List the Sabbath bells so merrily ringing,
A thousand happy children now are singing
A thousand holy thoughts are upward springing,
To usher in the Sabbath day.
Cho.—Bear the sacred sounds, &c.

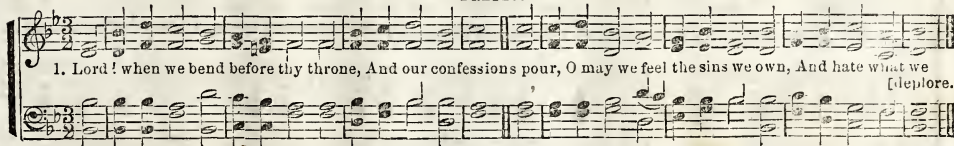


- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>2.
His gracious hand our steps shall guide.
All, all is love,
There's safety near his bleeding side,
All, all is love,
Come wash in this atoning flood,
This fountain filled with Jesus' blood,
'Till fit you for that blest abode
Where all, all is love.</p> | <p>3.
By faith we see those hills so bright,
All, all is love,
And countless millions rob'd in white,
All, all is love,
And when we meet to part no more
With those we love, who've gone before,
We'll shout upon that shining shore,
Here, all, all is love.</p> | <p>4.
Oh, happy day! oh, glorious rest!
All, all is love,
We shall be safe among the blest.
All, all is love,
What notes of rapture strike the ear!
Is it the music of that sphere?
Oh, hallelujah! heaven is near!
And all, all is love.</p> |
|---|---|---|

SILVERTON. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

PRAYER.



- 2 Our contrite spirits, pitying see,
True penitence impart,
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

1. Just as I am—without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

2. Just as I am—and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

3. Just as I am—though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor wretched blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God I come!

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse relieve
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God I come!

6 Just as I am, thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

THE BLUE BIRD'S TEMPERANCE SONG.



1. Oh! I'm a happy blue bird, sober as you see; For pure cold water's the drink for me: I take a drop here, and a -

THE BLUE BIRD'S TEMPERANCE SONG. Concluded.

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nother drop there, And make the woods ring with my temperance air. O don't defy it, Better, better try it,

Water, pure water from the spring below, Better, better try it, Better, better try it, Try it sir? try it sir? do.

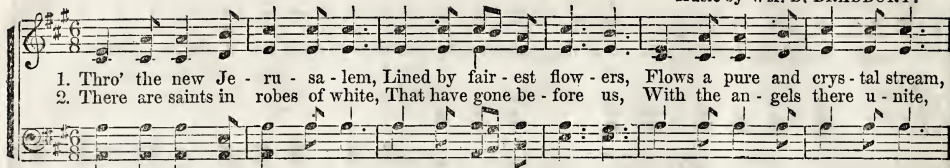
REPEAT IN CHORUS.

- 2 There is a little Bobby-Linkum sitting on a tree
He's singing a temperance song as you see,
'Tis "Bobolink, take a drink, take a drink to-day,
And Mister Bobolink, not a cent to pay!
Cho. Oh, don't defy it, better try it, &c.
- 3 As down among the lilies every day I go
To take my bath in the lake below,
If I chance to meet a drunkard all so pale and thin,
I say sir, "how d'ye do? and sir, "pray walk in!
Cho. Oh, don't defy it, better try it, &c.

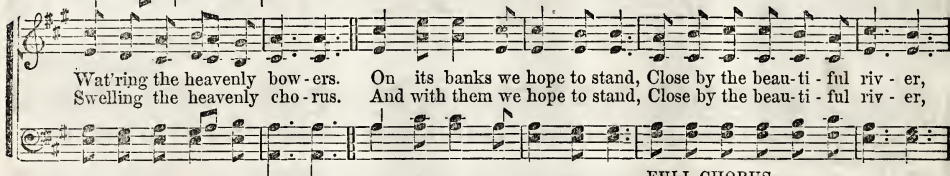
- 4 Come rise up with the songsters early in the morn,
See the thirsty grass and the waving corn—
How their emerald faces brighten in the dazzling sun
While catching the dew drops one by one.
Cho. Oh, don't defy it, better try it, &c.
- 5 All up above the mountains all below the sea,
With my temperance song agree—
That for man in his toil, or the bird upon her nest,
Cold water, cold water, the purest and best!
Cho. Oh, don't defy it, better try it, &c.

SINGING AND PRAISING FOREVER.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

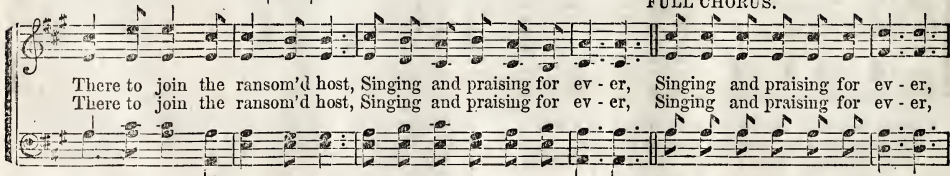


1. Thro' the new Je - ru - sa - lem, Lined by fair - est flow - ers, Flows a pure and crys - tal stream,
 2. There are saints in robes of white, That have gone be - fore us, With the an - gels there u - nite,

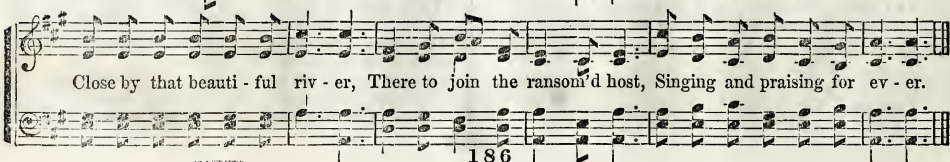


Wat'ring the heavenly bow - ers. On its banks we hope to stand, Close by the beau - ti - ful riv - er,
 Swelling the heavenly cho - rus. And with them we hope to stand, Close by the beau - ti - ful riv - er,

FULL CHORUS.



There to join the ransom'd host, Singing and praising for ev - er, Singing and praising for ev - er,
 There to join the ransom'd host, Singing and praising for ev - er, Singing and praising for ev - er,



Close by that beauti - ful riv - er, There to join the ransom'd host, Singing and praising for ev - er.

SINGING AND PRAISING FOREVER. Concluded.

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3 They who long the cross have borne,
Cast their crowns before him;
Martyrs with their palms of gold
Singing with joy adore him.
Soon along the verdant banks;
Close by the beautiful river:

We shall hail our Saviour, King—
Singing and praising forever.

4 Courage then O fainting soul,
Jesus still is near thee;

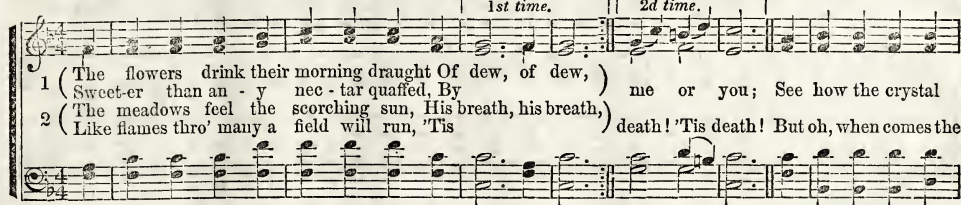
If thy feeble strength should fail
Call, for he waits to hear thee;
He will bear thee in his arms,
Close by the beautiful river;
There we'll hail our Sovereign King,
Singing and praising forever.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

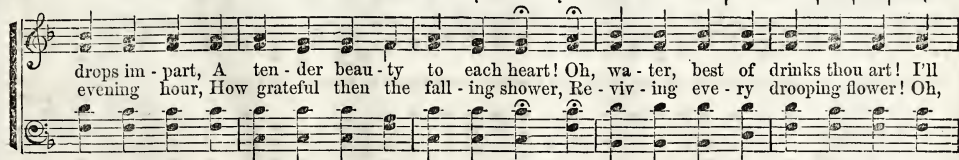
COLD WATER.

1st time.

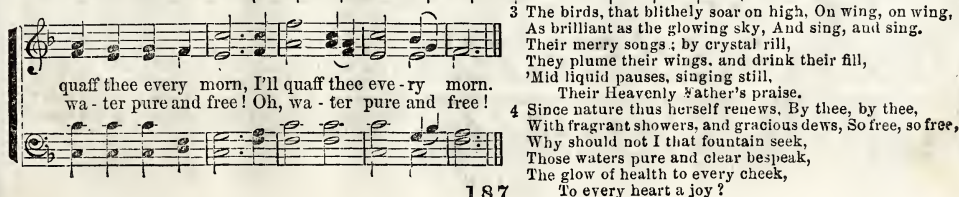
2d time.



1 (The flowers drink their morning draught Of dew, of dew,) me or you; See how the crystal
2 (The meadows feel the scorching sun, His breath, his breath,) death! 'Tis death! But oh, when comes the
3 (Like flames thro' many a field will run, 'Tis



drops im-part, A ten-der beau-ty to each heart! Oh, wa-ter, best of drinks thou art! I'll
evening hour, How grateful then the fall-ing shower, Re-viv-ing eve-ry drooping flower! Oh,



3 The birds, that blithely soar on high, On wing, on wing,
As brilliant as the glowing sky, And sing, and sing.
Their merry songs: by crystal rill,
They plume their wings, and drink their fill,
'Mid liquid pauses, singing still.
Their Heavenly Father's praise.
4 Since nature thus herself renews, By thee, by thee,
With fragrant showers, and gracious dews, So free, so free,
Why should not I that fountain seek,
Those waters pure and clear bespeak,
The glow of health to every cheek,
To every heart a joy?

1. There's a beautiful land Where sweet flowers ever bloom, A land all filled with odors of richest perfume, When life's

journey is end - ed, All good children there will stand, With the white-robed saints in glory in that beauti - ful land.

CHORUS.

Then come happy angels, on love's pinions come, With music, sweet music to welcome us home ; With your bright crowns
[of glory and your

golden harps in hand, O! welcome the children to this beautiful land.

2
In the beautiful land little children ne'er grow old ;
On every little forehead is placed a crown of gold,
A harp tuned by an angel, in every little hand,
And they sing God's praise forever, in the Beautiful Land. *Cho.*

3
In the Beautiful Land our dear Saviour we shall see,
We shall hear his words of welcome,—“Little children come
to me,”
Then around His throne in glory, with our crowns and harps
we'll stand,
And we'll praise the Lamb forever in that Beautiful Land.
Cho. Then come, &c.

4
But the Beautiful Land is not for little ones alone,
There is room enough for every one, around the Father's
throne,
There join us friends and parents, take the children by the
hand,
And we'll journey on together to the Beautiful Land.
Cho. Then come, &c.

THE UNION BAND.



1. O we're a band of brethren dear, Who will join this happy band? Who live as pilgrim strangers here, Who will join this
[happy band?]

CHORUS.

Hallelu - jah, hallelujah, We will join this happy band, Singing hallelujah, Hallelujah, We will join this happy band.

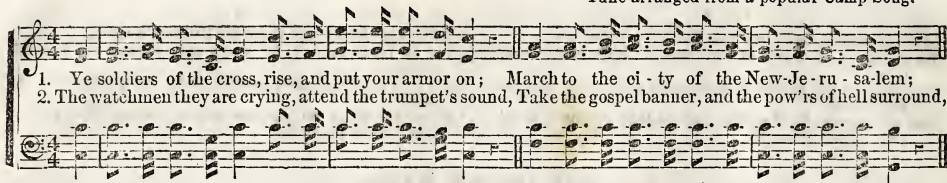
2
The prophets and apostles too,
Once belonged to this happy band,
And all God's children here below,
All have joined this happy band.
Cho. Hallelujah, &c.

3
Let no contention e'er divide
Members of this happy band;
But firm, united, side by side,
Thro' this life together stand.
Cho. Hallelujah, &c.

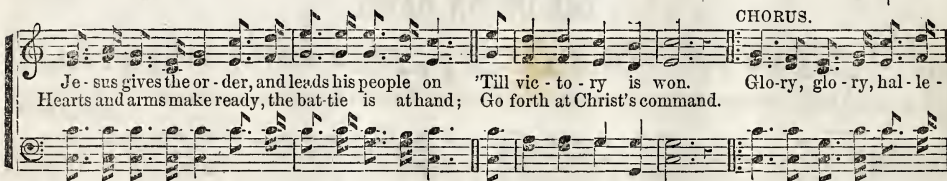
4
And when death comes, as come it must,
To divide this happy band;
The links will not return to dust,
They will shine at God's right hand.
Cho. Hallelujah, &c.

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

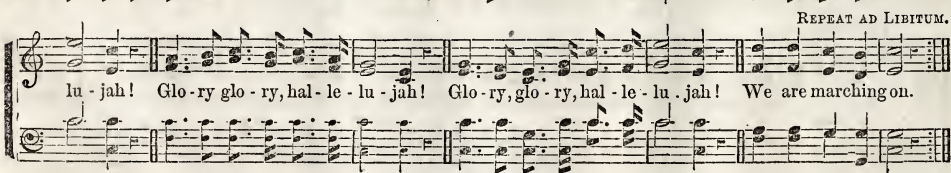
Tune arranged from a popular Camp Song.



1. Ye soldiers of the cross, rise, and put your armor on; March to the ci - ty of the New-Je - ru - sa - lem;
2. The watchmen they are crying, attend the trumpet's sound, Take the gospel banner, and the pow'rs of hell surround,



CHORUS.
Je - sus gives the or - der, and leads his people on 'Till vic - to - ry is won. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le -
Hearts and arms make ready, the bat - tie is a - hand; Go forth at Christ's command.



REPEAT AD LIBITUM.
lu - jah! Glo - ry glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu . jah! We are marching on.

3.
Lay hold upon the Saviour by faith's victorious shield,
March on in order 'till you win the glorious field,
Faint not by the way, 'till you've gained that peaceful
shore,

Where war shall be no more.

Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah! &c.

4.
Ne'er think the victory won, nor lay your armor down,
March on in duty, 'till you gain the starry crown,
When the war is o'er and the battle you have won,
Jesus will say, "well done."

Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah! &c.

I'LL THINK OF MY SAVIOUR.

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WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. 2.

1. (I'll think of my Saviour when daylight is breaking Away from the darkness and gloom of the night,
When fresh from his slumber the sun is awaking, And girding himself with the [Omit.....] armor of light.)

CHORUS. GIRLS.

BOYS.

CHORUS.

I'll think of my Saviour, And trust him for - ev - er. I'll seek for his fa - vor, And hope through his love,

FULL CHORUS.

With angels to meet him, With seraphs to greet him, And praise him for-ev - er, In mansions a - bove.

2 I'll think of my Saviour when daylight is sinking,
And blending its beams with the twilight so gray,
When bright starry eyes in the azure are twinkling,
And silence embraces the close of the day.
CHO.—I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

3 I'll think of my Saviour when pleasure is spreading
Her soft downy pinions to gladden my way;
Thro' sorrow and sadness, alone He was treading,
To open for sinners the portals of day.
CHO.—I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

4 I'll think of my Saviour when sorrow is flinging
Her thick robe of sadness around the dark tomb;
If light from His presence a glory is bringing,
'Twill scatter its darkness and hide all its gloom.
CHO.—I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

5 I'll think of my Saviour, my dear blessed Saviour,
When he from on high his bright angels shall send,
And take to His bosom His loved ones forever,
To join in the anthems that never shall end.
CHO.—I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

1 (Through a strange country as pil-grims we stray, For we're going, go-ing, go-ing home.)
 (On-ward we go through the swift fad-ing day, For we're going, go-ing, go-ing home.)

Wea-ry our march since the fair ro-sy dawn, Long is the distance we've trav-eled since morn;

But we re-gret not the hours that are gone, For we're go-ing, go-ing, go-ing home.

2 Why should we gather earth's withering flowers!

When we're going, going, going home:
 Soon shall we tread the fair Heavenly bowers

For we're going, going, going home:
 There fragrant garlands immortal will bloom,
 Untouched by blight, and unshadowed by gloom,
 And never strewing the path to the tomb;

For we're going, going, going home.

3 Hark! 'tis the storm crashing loud through the pines

We are going, going, going home;
 See the faint glimmering light that now shines
 We are going, going, going home.

Little we heed the wild roar of the wind,
 Onward we still look, and never behind;
 This thought alone gives sweet peace to our mind
 We are going, going, going home.

4 Soon we shall hear the glad welcoming voice,

We are going, going, going home:
 Bidding our spirits forever rejoice,
 We are going, going, going home:

Home to our mansion prepared in the sky,
 Where we can never more suffer or die,
 O! let our anthem of praise ring on high!

We are going, going, going home.

"SING US ONE OF THE SONGS OF ZION."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

FINE.

D. C.



1 (Sing them, my children, sing them still, Those sweet and holy songs, Oh, let the psalms of Zion's hill, Be heard from youthful tongues.) O sing them at the early dawn, The rising morn to [cheer;

D. C.—And sing them round the evening hearth, When fires are blazing near.

2 Sing them when Sabbath Schools are met,

And your young voices raise,
Your Sabbath evening melodies
To their Redeemer's praise.

So shall each unforgotten word,
When distant far you roam,
Call back your heart which once it stirred,
To childhood's blessed home.

3 Sing them, dear children, many a saint

These holy strains have sung;
These walls of ours have echoed them,
From many a pilgrim's tongue.

Oh, sing them in a land like this,
Where pilgrim's steps have roved;
Oh, children sing these melodies—
The songs our father's loved.

Earth's shadowy years. 2d hymn.

1 Earth's shadowy years will soon be o'er,
Heaven's blissful morn arise,
And sorrow's night will then no more
O'ercloud our weeping eyes,

Then will the Lord of life and love
Unveil his beaming face;
And never from our sight remove
The bright celestial rays.

2 The precious jewels Jesus sent

To be our solace here,
Were only for a season lent,
They're shining brighter there.
And we shall soon their lovely forms
In glorious robes behold;
Shall sing with them in angel's songs,
With harps of shining gold.

3 In that blest place no loved ones part,

No mourning there, no sighs;
For God himself will gently wipe
All sorrow from their eyes,
There everlasting peace and joy,
And transport shall be thine;
Praise shall our utmost powers employ,
In melody divine.

Thy Saviour cares for thee.

1 Be still, repining heart, be still,
And learn with humble trust;

To lean confiding on his word,
The only good and just.

What tho' at times thy courage fail, []
And dark thy path may be;
Look up to God he knows it all,
Thy Saviour cares for thee.

2 In every changing scene of life,

His hand will ever guide;
He will not leave thee here alone,
What can'st thou want beside?
The world may pierce with cruel thorns
Though deep the wound may be,
Remember Jesus bore it all,
Thy Saviour cares for thee.

3 There is a morn, a glorious morn,

For every night of gloom;
A smile for every falling tear,
A hope beyond the tomb.
Then peace; reposing heart, "be still,"
Whate'er thy trials be;
Look up to him, who feels them all—
Thy Saviour cares for thee. (C)

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (Speed away! speed a-way! happy soul of the blest,
From thy prison-house fly, like a bird to [Omit...] her nest; Angel spirits are bending in love from the sky, To

welcome thee home to the mansions on high! To the land where no night is, no tears, no de-cay! Speed a -

way, speed a-way, happy soul of the blest, Speed a-way, speed a-way to the land of thy rest.
Speed a-way.....

2 Speed away! speed away! O why linger below,
When thy measure of glory no mortal can know,
And the visions of beauty thine beam on thy sight,
All come from the Christian's dear home of delight,
Thy darkness is turned into infinite day!
Speed away, speed away, &c.

3 Speed away! speed away! happy soul of the blest,
To the land where the weary-worn pilgrim may rest,
To the city celestial, that beautiful shore,
Where the presence of death we shall fear nevermore,
Up! heavenward! let nothing the journey delay!
Speed away, speed away, &c.

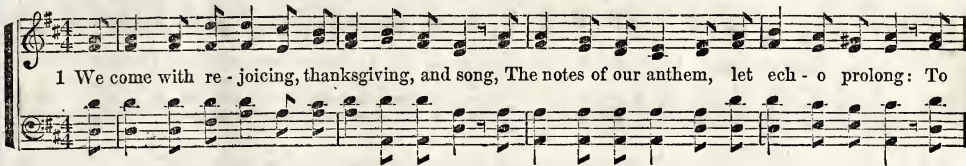
WE COME WITH REJOICING.

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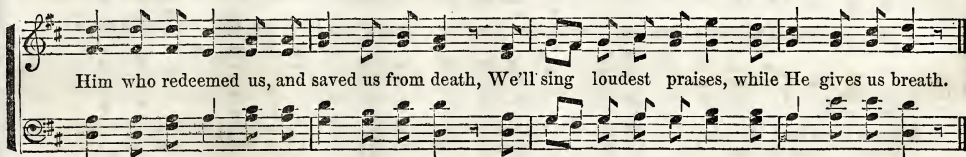
Words by KATE CAMERON.

(APPROPRIATE TO ANY ANNIVERSARY OCCASION.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 We come with re - joicing, thanksgiving, and song, The notes of our anthem, let ech - o prolong: To



Him who redeemed us, and saved us from death, We'll sing loudest praises, while He gives us breath.

CHORUS.



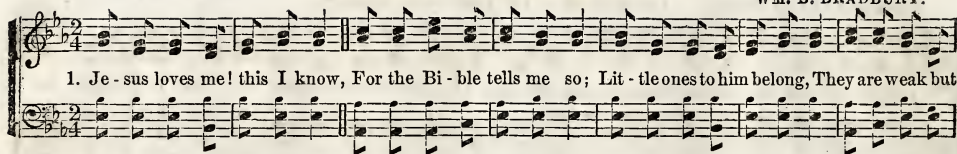
The Lamb that was slain! And liv - eth a - gain, We'll sing loudest praises, To the Lamb that was slain.

2 The Lamb that was slain! our salvation is made!
In robes of His glory, our spirits arrayed;
O why should we fear, while on Him we rely,
He'll help us to live, and prepare us to die. *Cho.*

3 Oh! Jesus our Saviour! the dearest and best,
On Thee all our hopes for Eternity rest!
We love Thee, we praise Thee, Thy name we adore,
To Thee all our thoughts and our wishes shall soar. *Cho.*

JESUS LOVES ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



CHORUS.



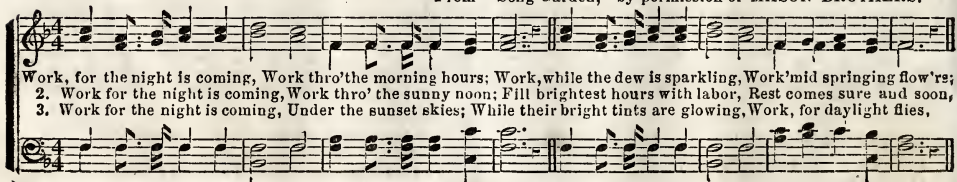
2 Jesus loves me! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

4 Jesus loves me! He will stay,
Close beside me, all the way;
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

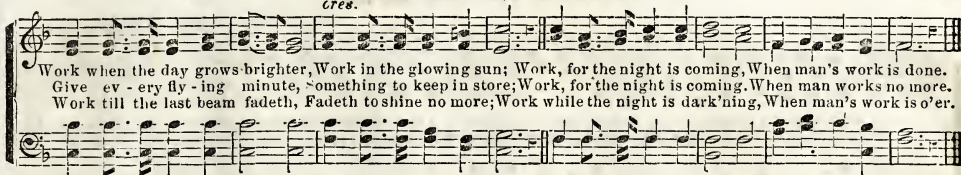
From "Song Garden," by permission of MASON BROTHERS.



WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. Concluded.

69

cres.

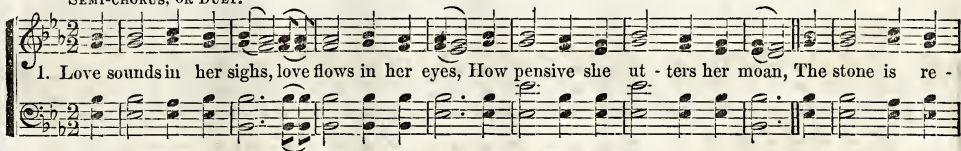


Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
Give ev - ery fly - ing minute, something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming. When man works no more.
Work till the last beam fadeth, Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

THE MASTER IS GONE.

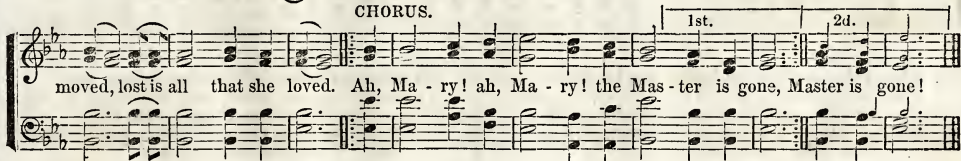


SEMI-CHORUS, OR DUET.



1. Love sounds in her sighs, love flows in her eyes, How pensive she ut - ters her moan, The stone is re -

CHORUS.



moved, lost is all that she loved. Ah, Ma - ry! ah, Ma - ry! the Mas - ter is gone, Master is gone!

- 2 "In vain was my care those spices to prepare,
To enbalm my dear Saviour alone;
Taken home from my view, what alas shall I do."
||: Ah, Mary! ah, Mary! the Master is gone! :||
- 3 "I seek but in vain to relieve my heart's pain,
From bosoms as callous as stone;
No one here can calm, by sweet sympathy's balm,

A heart full of sighs for the Master she loves.
Ah, Mary! ah, Mary! the Master is gone.

- 4 "Hallelujahs arise; assist me ye skies,
And rejoice with a mortal who mourned!
Hence sorrow, hence care; to the winds with despair.
||: Raboni, Raboni, the Master's returned." :||

HAPPY IN THE LORD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A pilgrim and a stranger here, happy, happy, happy, I seek the home to pilgrims dear, happy in the Lord.
A home beyond this mortal shore, happy, happy, happy, Where sin and sorrow come no more, happy in the Lord.

CHORUS.

We'll cross the river of Jor - dan, happy, happy, happy, happy, Cross the river of Jor - dan, happy in the Lord.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 I leave this world of sin behind me, happy, &c.
That better home in heaven to find, happy in, &c.
Fair lands are here, and houses fair, happy, &c.
But fairer is my home up there, happy in, &c.
<i>Cho.</i> We'll cross the river,</p> | <p>4 The fruits and flowers of Paradise, happy, &c.
In plenteous showers round them rise, happy in, &c.
No death shall visit them again, happy, &c.
No sickness there, no touch of pain, happy in, &c.
<i>Cho.</i> We'll cross the river, &c.</p> |
| <p>3 In that fair clime of endless day, happy, &c.
The Lord shall wipe all tears away, happy in, &c.
To living founts, through verdant meads, happy, &c.
The Lamb his ransomed followers leads, happy in, &c.
<i>Cho.</i> We'll cross the river &c.</p> | <p>5 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home, happy, &c.
My Saviour smiles and bids me come, happy in, &c.
No mourning there, no funeral gloom, happy, &c.
But health and youth forever bloom, happy in, &c.
<i>Cho.</i> We'll cross the river, &c.</p> |

MY MANSION IN THE SKY.

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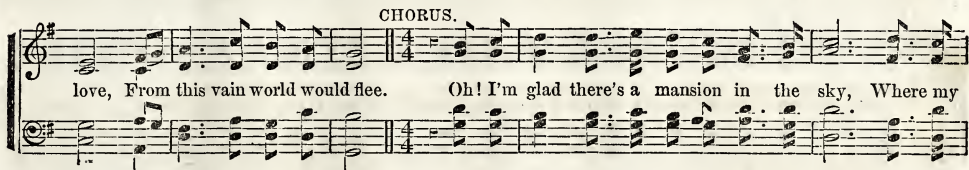
Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

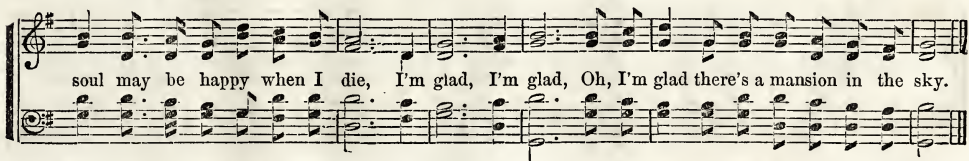


1 Oh, Je - sus, pre - cious bleeding Lamb, My spir - it longs for thee; My waiting soul on wings of

CHORUS.



love, From this vain world would flee. Oh! I'm glad there's a mansion in the sky, Where my



soul may be happy when I die, I'm glad, I'm glad, Oh, I'm glad there's a mansion in the sky.

- 2 In that bright world of love and light,
That city of our God;
I know a glorious welcome waits,
Each lover of the Lord!—*Cho.*
- 3 The vain pursuits of this short life,
How weak and frail they seem;

When from my blessed home above,
I catch one shining gleam!—*Cho.*

- 4 If I'm a lover of the Lord,
And to his footstool come;
I know He'll send his angels down,
To guide me safely home;—*Cho.*

THE BRIGHT HILLS OF GLORY.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

WM. B. BRADBURY

1st. 2d.

1 (Oh, give me a harp on the bright hills of glory—A home when life's sorrows are o'er,) Will more than lost Eden restore,
 2 (Where joys that await the meek and the lowly, [Omit.])
 2 (Oh, there let me roam on the banks of the riv-er, Escort-ed by angels a-long;) [throng.
 (And with them a-dore the Bounteous Giver, [Omit.]) Whose love is rehearsed by the

FULL CHORUS. *f*

Where the new song of glo-ry Is the theme of the ho-ly, And the ransomed are safe ev-er more,
 Where the new song is giv-en, To the loved ones in heaven, And the an-gels re-ech-o the song,

Where the new song of glo-ry Is the theme of the ho-ly, And the ransomed are safe ev-er more.
 Where the new song is giv-en, To the loved ones in heaven, And the an-gels re-ech-o the song.

3 There sweetly we'll rest in those mansions for ever
 And bask in the fulness of love,
 Where fields are all bright with flowrets that never
 Shall wither in Eden above.

Cho.—There the new song of pardon,
 Is the theme over Jordan,
 And each harp swells the chorus of love.

4 Oh, who has prepared this banquet of pleasures,
 In heaven's sweet bower of rest?
 And bids us partake of all its rich treasures,
 And waits now to welcome each guest.

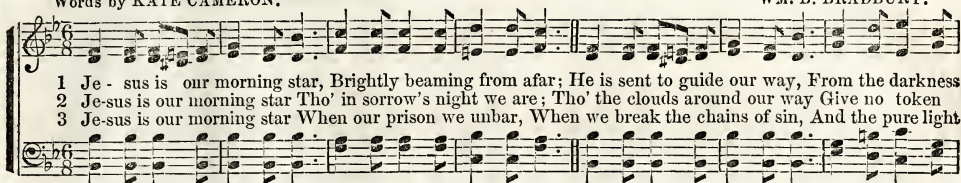
Cho.—It is Jesus, our Saviour,
 And we'll praise him for ever,
 When we're safe in those mansions of rest.

OUR BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.

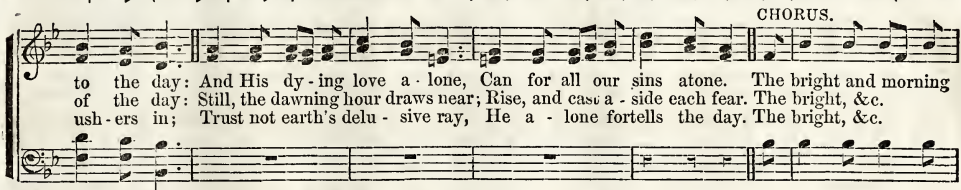
73

Words by KATE CAMERON.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 Je - sus is our morning star, Brightly beaming from afar; He is sent to guide our way, From the darkness
2 Je-sus is our morning star Tho' in sorrow's night we are; Tho' the clouds around our way Give no token
3 Je-sus is our morning star When our prison we unbar, When we break the chains of sin, And the pure light.



CHORUS.
to the day: And His dy - ing love a - lone, Can for all our sins atone. The bright and morning
of the day: Still, the dawning hour draws near; Rise, and cast a - side each fear. The bright, &c.
ush - ers in; Trust not earth's delu - sive ray, He a - lone fortells the day. The bright, &c.



star, The bright and morning star, Je - sus is the morning star, The bright and morning star.

Our Guiding Star.

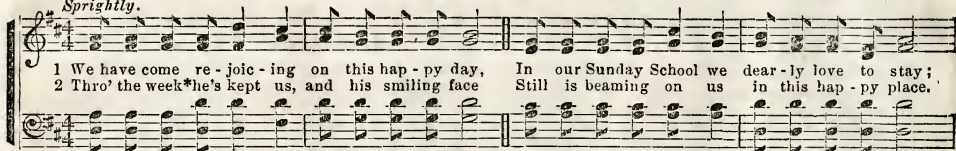
1 Glorious hope, eternal life,
Promise sweet to mourners given,
Soon will end this mortal strife,
Look beyond there's rest in heaven;
Rest from sorrow, toil, and care
In our Father's mansion fair.
Cho.—We're on our journey home,

We're on our journey home,
Jesus is our guiding star,
We're on our journey home.
2 We must meet with trials here;
Through a desert waste we roam;
But our Saviour still is near,
He will guide us safely home,
201

From the world's coroding care
To our Father's mansion fair.—*Cho.*
3 On a wild and stormy sea,
When our fragile bark is driven,
Shatter'd tho' its sails may be,
We shall anchor safe in heaven;
We shall rise triumphant there,
To our Father's mansion fair.—*Cho.*

WE HAVE COME REJOICING.

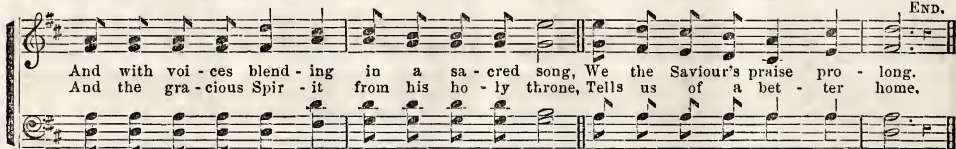
Suggested in part by a melody of BELLINI.

Sprightly.


1 We have come re-joic-ing on this hap-py day, In our Sunday School we dear-ly love to stay;
2 Thro' the week*he's kept us, and his smiling face Still is beaming on us in this hap-py place.

D. C. We have come re-joic-ing on this hap-py day, In our Sunday School we dear-ly love to stay;

END.



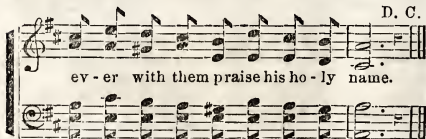
And with voi-ces blend-ing in a sa-cred song, We the Saviour's praise pro-long.
And the gra-cious Spir-it from his ho-ly throne, Tells us of a bet-ter home.

And with voi-ces blend-ing in a sa-cred song, We the Saviour's praise pro-long.

CHORUS.



There we shall never grieve him more, But with the angels on that shore, Strike the harps of glory in a sweeter strain, And



ev-er with them praise his ho-ly name.

* Or "year," if for anniversary.

3 Jesus there is smiling, on his Father's throne,
Saying, "Come in welcome, come for here is room,
In these shining mansions I have still a place,
Children hasten to my face." *Cho.* There we shall, &c.

4 And in robes of glory, like the stars above,
Shall my loved ones ever, ever with me rove;
Where the waving flowerets of immortal bloom,
Shed around their sweet perfume. *Cho.* There we shall, &c.

FOR THOU HAST DIED FOR ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 75

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

1st. 2d.

1 (When clouds hang dark - ly o'er my way And earth - ly comfort dies,
On thee my Sa - viour and my God, My [Omit.....] ev - ery hope re - lies.

I hear thy spir - its gen - tle voice, Thy cross by faith I see,— Thy precious blood O, dy - ing

Lamb, Redeems and makes me what I am, For thou hast died for me, For thou hast died for me.

2 My soul, confiding in thy word,
Can rest securely there,
And feel at peace in every storm,
Beneath thy watchful care;
A sinner lost, but saved by grace
Be this my only plea:
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb,
Redeems and makes me what I am,
For thou hast died for me.

3 O when I leave this mortal scene,
And rise to worlds of light;
Then shall I see thee as thou art
Arrayed in glory bright:
There by the living stream divine,
My raptured song shall be;
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb,
Redeems and makes me what I am,
For thou hast died for me.

1. He who once to earth came down, Toi'd and suffered here be - low, Sits up - on his heavenly
 2. Ma - ny lit - tle ones are there, Gathered in that shin - ing throng; Lis - ten! thro' the Sabbath

CHORUS.
 throne, Wears the crown of glo - ry now; While an - gels join to sing, And
 air, You may hear their joy - ful song. Come let us join to sing, &c.

While an - gels join to sing, And
 FULL *ff*
 loud the sweet words ring— Je - sus is King, Je - sus is King.
 loud the sweet words ring—

3.
 Yes, our loved and lost are there,
 They have reached the happy land,
 Now white robes and crowns they wear,
 They have joined the angel band.
Cho. They strike each golden string,
 And loud the sweet words ring,
 Jesus is King.

4.
 Christians in the song unite
 Gladly swell the notes of praise,
 And with saints and angels bright,
 Still the grateful anthem raise.
Cho. Come let us join to sing,
 Loud let the sweet words ring,
 Jesus is King.

5.
 Surely we that song may share,
 Jesus bids the children come;
 Gives the lambs his tender care,
 Guides them to his heavenly home.
Cho. Come let us join to sing,
 Loud let the sweet words ring,
 Jesus is King

* "THAT WAS SETTLED LONG AGO."

77

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2nd. DUET.

1 (Mother tell me, do not tremble, Hold me in your dear embrace;) (All is well, my soul is
Must I leave you, am I dy-ing? I can read [Omit.....] it in your face; (I have made my peace with

1st. 2d. 2d CHORUS.

hap-py, I am not afraid to go: Je-sus, "That was settled long a - - go," I have made my peace with Jesus, "That was settled long a - go."

2.
Mother you are bending o'er me,
Trying hard to ease my pain,
You would make the struggle lighter,
But your tender care is vain.
Do not weep, my soul is happy,
I am not afraid to go:
Jesus loves me, yes, I feel it,
"That was settled long ago."

3.
Fainter grew that voice so gentle,
Quickly came his feeble breath,
Leaning on the arm of Jesus,
He had passed the gates of death.
How his cheering words of comfort
Like a strain of music flow,

I have made my peace with Jesus,
"That was settled long ago."

The weary are at rest.

1.
Earth may robe her fairest blossoms,
In her crimson light serene,
Yet the pleasures that await us,
Mortal eye has never seen.
'Tis a vail our souls dividing
From the region of the blest,
"Sorrow there can never enter,
There the weary are at rest."

2.
Through eternal ages rolling,
Angel choirs their notes prolong,

We shall join their choral numbers,
We shall learn their happy song.
Jesus calls us to his bosom,
From the region of the blest,
"Sorrow there can never enter,
There the weary are at rest."

3.
Here our kindred ties are broken,
Here our fondest hopes decay;
In that land of sacred pleasure,
God will wipe all tears away.
Those we love will bid us welcome
In the region of the blest,
"Sorrow there can never enter,
There the weary are at rest."

* A dying Christian boy's answer to his mother, when asked if he was "willing to die."

JESUS OUR SHEPHERD.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT."



Slow and gentle.

1. Je - sus is our Shepherd, wip - ing every tear: Folded in his bo - som, what have we to fear?
2. Je - sus is our Shepherd, well we know his voice; How its gentlest whisper, makes our hearts rejoice:

On - ly let us fol - low whither he doth lead, To the thirsty des - ert, or the dew - y mead.
E - ven when it chid - eth, tender is its tone; None but he shall guide us, we are his a - lone.

3.

Jesus is our Shepherd, for the sheep he bled:
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood he shed,
Then on each he setteth his own secret sign,
They that have my Spirit, these (saith he) are mine.

4.

Jesus is our Shepherd, guided by his arm,
Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm,
When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.

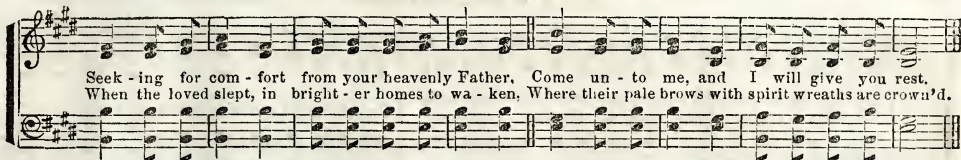
COME UNTO ME.

By permission of DR. L. MASON.

1. Come un - to me, when shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad heart is wea - ry and dis - trest
2. Ye who have mourn'd when the spring flow'r's were taken, When the ripe fruit fell rich - ly to the ground,

COME UNTO ME. Concluded.

79



Seek - ing for com - fort from your heavenly Father, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
When the loved slept, in bright - er homes to wa - ken, Where their pale brows with spirit wreaths are crown'd.

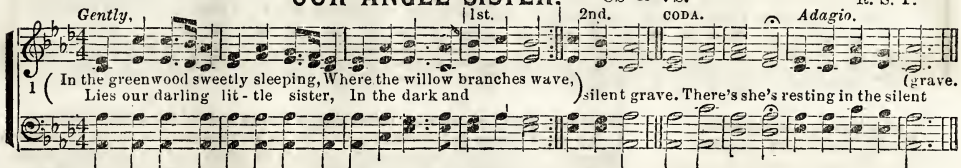
3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn;

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest!

OUR ANGEL SISTER.

8s & 7s.

R. S. T.



1 (In the greenwood sweetly sleeping, Where the willow branches wave,)
Lies our darling lit - tle sister, In the dark and) silent grave. There's she's resting in the silent (grave.

2 There she lies and knows no sorrow,
In that silent lonely spot;
While around her grave are blooming,
Roses and For-get-me-not.
CODA. There's she's resting, &c.

3 There the Robin sweetly warbles;
There the wild Bee gaily hums;
There the streamlet gently murmurs;
There the water-lily blooms.
CODA. There's she's resting, &c.

4 When our sister mingled with us
Well she loved the Saviour's name,
Ere she reached the heavenly portals,
Angel guards to greet her came.
CODA. She is resting, &c.

Death of a S. S. Scholar.

1 Like a young and tender blossom,
Is the form before us now,
Death has laid his icy fingers
On the pale and gentle brow,
Cold and silent (he) she is sleeping now.
2 But her soul has gone before us—;
Gone to join the holy throng,

In that bright and sunny region
We may learn her happy song,
There in glory learn her happy song.

3 When she crossed the darksome region,
Jesus cheered her lonely way;
Upward to the fields of Eden,
In the fadeless realms of day,
We shall meet her in the realms of day.

NOW WE LIFT OUR TUNEFUL VOICES.

FOR S. S. CELEBRATION.

From "Oriola," by permission.

1st. 2d. |S: FULL CHORUS.

1 } Now we lift our tuneful voices, In a new melodious song: }
 While each youthful heart rejoices, Omit..... } To behold the gath'ring throng. As we lift our

waving banners To the breezes soft and mild, May the tide of glad hosan - nas Flow from bosoms un - defiled.

2
 Ye who join our celebration,
 Sweetest melodies employ;
 Bow with us in adoration,
 Filled with holy heavenly joy.
Cho.—As we lift, &c.

3
 Teachers kind, whose care unceasing,
 All must honor and approve;
 Thanks for labor still unceasing,
 Heaven reward your works of love.
Cho.—As we lift, &c.

4
 Thanks to God for every blessing,
 Which his bounteous hand bestows;
 All on earth that's worth possessing,
 From that hand incessant flows.
Cho.—As we lift, &c.



WELCOME HOUR OF PRAYER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

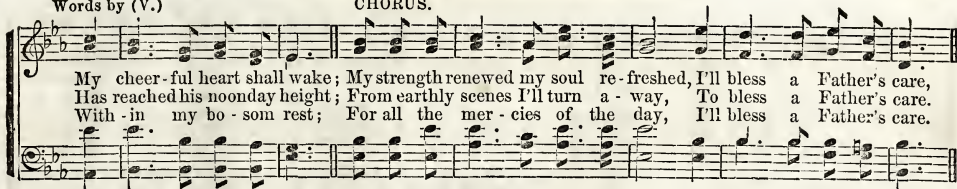
1. When softly o'er the distant hills The beams of morning break, When nature breathes her choral hymn,
 2. When like a gi - ant in his course, The glorious orb of light, Ascend - ing in the radiant sky,
 3. When slowly fades the si - lent eve, Beneath the glowing west; And tranquil thoughts of heavenly peace,

WELCOME HOUR OF PRAYER. Concluded.

81

Words by (V.)

CHORUS.



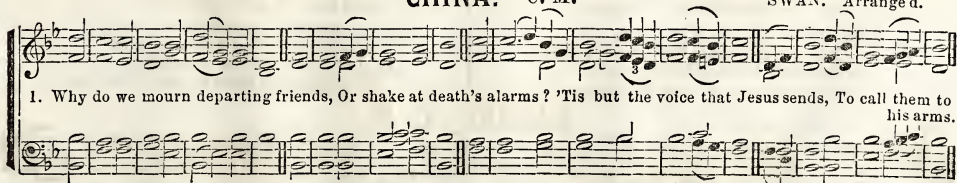
My cheer-ful heart shall wake; My strength renewed my soul re-freshed, I'll bless a Father's care,
Has reached his noonday height; From earthly scenes I'll turn a-way, To bless a Father's care.
With-in my bo-som rest; For all the mer-cies of the day, I'll bless a Father's care.



And hail with pure and ho-ly joy, The welcome hour of prayer, welcome hour of prayer.

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN. Arranged.



1. Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.

2
Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3
Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There, the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4
Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.



1 We speak of the realms of the blest, Of that country so bright and so fair, And oft are its glories con-
2 We speak of the pathways of gold, Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare, Of its wonders and pleasures un-

fessed: But what must it be to be there, To be there, To be there, But what must it be to be there.
told: But what must it be, &c.

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,---
From trials without and within:
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there?

5 O Lord, midst our gladness or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know
And feel, what it is to be there.

6 Then anthems of praise we will sing,
When safe in that heavenly rest;
To Jesus, our Saviour and King,
Who reigns in those realms of the blest.

ROSSINI. C. M.

1 These are the crowns that we shall wear When all thy saints are crowned; These are the palms that we shall bear On yonder
holy ground.

2 These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which we shall then put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.

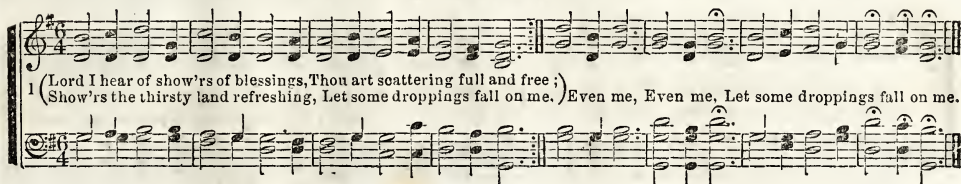
3 That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert-land.

4 Then welcome toil and care and pain!
And welcome sorrow too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

5 Come, crown, and throne; come, robe and palm;
Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of righteousness! BONA.

"EVEN ME."

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather,
Let thy mercy light on me,—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee;
Fain I'm longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me—
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see:

Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,—
Even me.

6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Bless'ng others, oh, bless me,—
Even me.

RE-UNION.

"I SHALL GO TO HIM." *David.*

1. Meet again! yes, we shall meet again, Tho' now we part in pain! His peo - ple all To -
 2. Soon the days of absences shall be o'er, And thou shalt weep no more; Our meet-ing day Shall

geth-er Christ shall call, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lujah, praise the Lord.
 wipe all tears a - way, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lujah, praise the Lord.

3.

Now I go with gladness to our home,
 With gladness thou shalt come;
 There I will wait
 To meet thee at Heaven's gate.
 Hallelujah!

4.

Dearest! what delight again to share
 Our sweet communion there!
 To walk among
 The holy ransomed throng.
 Hallelujah!

5.

Not to mortal sight can be given
 To know the bliss of Heaven;
 But thou shalt be
 Soon there, and sing with me,
 Hallelujah!

6.

Meet again! yes, we shall meet again,
 Though now we part in pain!
 Together all
 His people Christ shall call.
 Hallelujah!

YOU MUST BE A LOVER OF THE LORD.

85

Arranged.

CHORUS.

1. (Re-turn, O wand'rer, to thy home, Thy Father calls for thee ;) (For you must be a lov er of the
No long - er now an ex - ile roam, In guilt and mis - er - y.) (For you must be a lov - er of the

Lord, For you must be a lov - er of the Lord,)
Lord, Or you can't go to heaven when you die.)

2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee :
The Spirit and the Bride say come ;
Oh ! now for refuge flee.

Cho.—For you must, &c.

3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay ;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.

Cho.—For you must, &c.

LEARNING OF JESUS.

Words by Miss H. MEEKER.

1. Haste we now with eager feet, Teachers, scholars gladly greet, On this Sabbath morn we meet, That we may learn
[of Jesus.

2 Help us, Lord, throughout this day,
While we sing and while we pray,
Let thy Spirit with us stay,
While here we learn of Jesus.

3 Lord our hearts are full of sin,
Let thy Spirit enter in,
Make them pure, all white and clean,
And full of love to Jesus.

4 As we learn thy righteous will,
Help us, Holy Father, still,
Each commandment to fulfill,
And give the praise to Jesus.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

WM. B. BRADBURY. From the "Day Spring." By permission.

1. Beautiful Zi - on built a - bove, Beautiful ci - ty that I love, Beautiful gates of pear - ly white,
 Beautiful temple—God its light; He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, Opens those pearly gates to me.

2.
 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
 Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
 Beautiful strains that never tire.
 Beautiful harps thro' all the choir;
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,
 Worshiping at the Saviour's feet

3.
 Beautiful crowns on every brow
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
 Beautiful all who enter there;
 Thither I press with eager feet,
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4.
 Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
 Beautiful songs the angels sing,
 Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
 Beautiful home of perfect peace;
 There shall my eyes the Saviour see,
 Hasten to this heavenly home with me

THE PROMISED LAND.

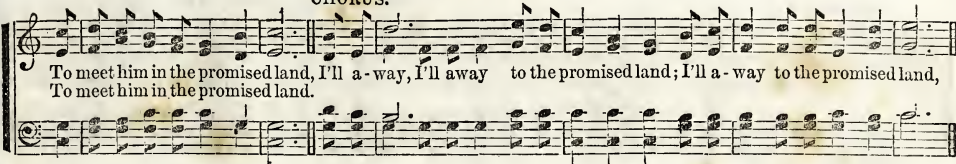
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I have a Father in the promised land, I have a Father in the promised land, My Father calls me, I must go,
 2. I have a Saviour in the promised land, I have a Saviour in the promised land, When Jesus calls me, I must go,

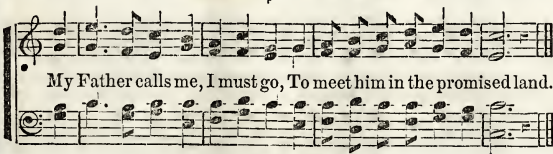
THE PROMISED LAND. Concluded.

87

CHORUS.



To meet him in the promised land, I'll a-way, I'll away to the promised land; I'll a-way to the promised land,
To meet him in the promised land.

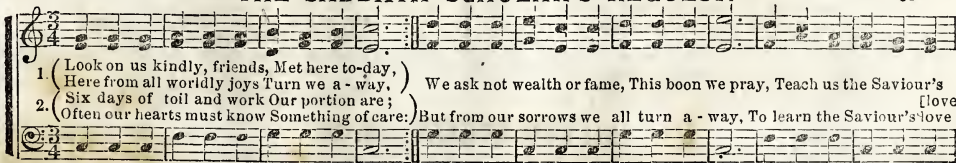


My Father calls me, I must go, To meet him in the promised land.

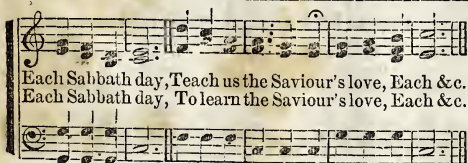
3 ||: I have a crown in the promised land, :||
When Jesus calls me I must go
To wear it in the promised land.
I'll away, I'll away, &c.

4 ||: I hope to meet you in the promised land, :||
At Jesus' feet a joyous band;
We'll praise him in the promised land.
I'll away, I'll away, &c.

THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S REQUEST.

1. (Look on us kindly, friends, Met here to-day,
Here from all worldly joys Turn we a-way.) We ask not wealth or fame, This boon we pray, Teach us the Saviour's
2. (Six days of toil and work Our portion are;) But from our sorrows we all turn a-way, To learn the Saviour's love



Each Sabbath day, Teach us the Saviour's love, Each &c.
Each Sabbath day, To learn the Saviour's love, Each &c.

3.
Follies beset our path
Dangers surround;
Often our feet must tread
Enchanted ground,
But from all vanity
Turn we away,
To learn the Saviour's love
Each Sabbath day.

4.
Look on us kindly, friends;
Watch us with care;
Aid us with counsels good
Help us by prayer.
Guide back our wandering feet,
Whene'er we stray;
Teach us the Saviour's love
Each Sabbath day.

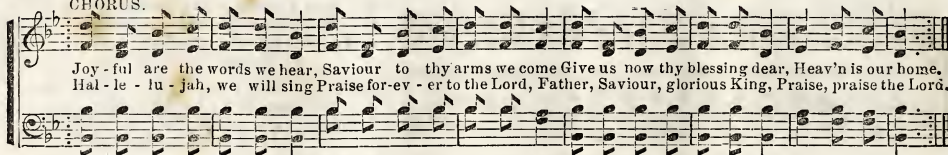
THE INVITATION.

Words by K. G.

Arranged from a melody of the "CONTRABANDS,"



CHORUS.

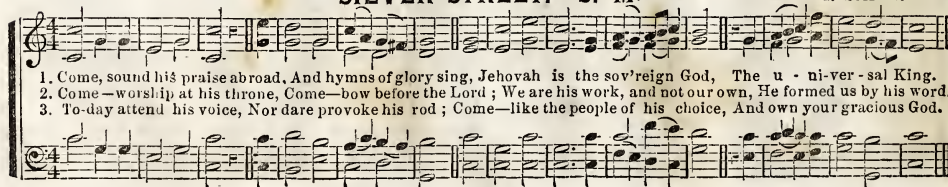


2 Why should we wait for life to fade
And earthly joys grow dim?
When they the happiest are made,
Who early go to him.
Blessed are the words we hear,
Saviour to thy arms we come,
Keep our souls from doubt and fear,
Heaven is our home. Hallelujah, &c.

3 O! let us not a moment wait,
But haste to meet our friend;
The way is narrow—straight the gate,
But blissful is the end.
Precious are the words we hear.
Saviour, to thy arms we come,
Loving thee with hearts sincere,
Heaven is our home. Hallelujah, &c.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

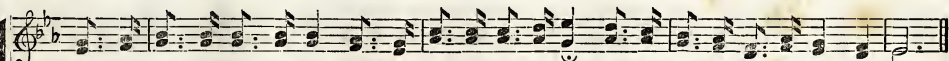
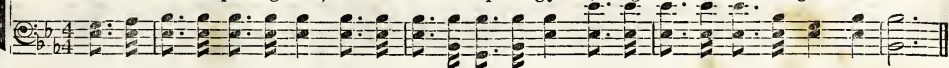


THE ANGELS IN THE AIR.

Rev. R. LOWRY. 89



1. When Life's la - bor song is sung, And the e - bon arch issprung, O'er the shaded couch of death so still,
2. Dark the shadows in the vale, Fierce the howling of the gale, But the shining ones are near our door:
3. Flood the heart with parting tears, Frost the head with passing years, Mingle want and woe to - geth - er here—



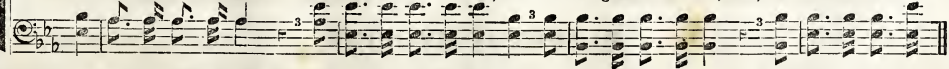
Then the Lord will light the scene With the angels' star - ry sheen, As they welcome us to Zi - on's hill.
With our robes as bright as they, We will tread the starry way, With the shadow and the storm no more,
But the Lord will lift the cloud That enwraps the shining crowd, And we'll never know a sor - row there.



CHORUS. *Steady time.*



We'll meet each other there Yes! we'll meet each other there, With the an - gels in the air, Yes, we'll meet each other



there; We'll meet each other, there Yes! we'll meet each other there, With the angels, with the angels in the air.



1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that burden my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at
 2. O! what shall I do to be saved, When the pleasures of youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved, From the earth are re-

war, Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll. What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
 moved And I weep o'er the graves of the dead. What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?

3 O! what shall I do to be saved,
 When sickness my strength shall subdue?
 Or the world in a day,
 Like a cloud roll away,
 And eternity opens to view?
 What shall I do? what shall I do?
 O! what shall I do to be saved?

4 O! Lord look in mercy on me,
 Come, O come and speak peace to my soul:
 Unto whom shall I flee,
 Dearest Lord, but to thee,
 Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole
 That will I do! that will I do!
 To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (I'm but a stranger here: Heav'n is my home;) (Dangers and sorrows stand)
 (Earth is a desert drear: Heav'n is my home;) (Round me on every hand,) Heav'n is my Fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

2 What though the tempests rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage:
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild, wintry blast
Soon will be over past,
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.

3 Therefore I murmur not:
Heaven is my home,
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand:
Heaven is my Father-land—
Heaven is my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

WE MUST LIVE FOR GOD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (We must live for God, 'tis a solemn call, We were lost till mercy found us,
In our glorious field there's a place for all, We must work for those around us,) We can bring a soul to the

2. (We can lead perhaps to the living stream, When the heart is worn and weary,
Or a word may fall like a sunlight beam, In a home that is cold and dreary,) We can seek the lost that have

house of prayer. Where the grateful hymn is stealing, It will touch a chord that was buried there. It will make a tender feeling.
wandered far, From the only source of pleasure—By the radiant light of our Polar star. We can point to our heav'nly treasure.

3 In the Sunday school we can train our youth,
And our tender care bestowing,
They will learn to walk in the way of truth,
Where the spring of joy is flowing,
We can tell of hope from the sacred page.
To the erring heart returning,
We can guide the steps of declining age,
Where the lamp of life is burning.

4 We can cheer the faint, and the weak sustain,
We can pray with the sick and dying,
We can tell of peace through a Saviour's name
To a soul for comfort sighing,
We must live for God, 'tis a solemn call,
We were lost till mercy found us,
In our glorious field, there's a place for all,
We must work for those around us.

THE ANGELS THERE WILL TEACH US.

"THERE ANGELS DO ALWAYS BEHOLD THE FACE OF MY FATHER."

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 (To the heavenly land; to the heavenly land, Where the saints and the seraphs stand;)
 We are on our way; we are on our way, A u - ni - ted and hap - py band,) For the
 2 (Tho' we oft - en tire; tho' we oft - en tire, Where the pathway is steep and straight,)
 We will still press on: we will still press on, Till we pass through the Golden Gate:) For the



an - gels there will teach us, How to sing a sweeter song! And no sorrow'll ev - er reach us, In that



happy, happy throng In the heav'nly land, in the heav'nly land, Where the saints and the seraphs stand.

3 But we need not fear: but we need not fear,
 For we've Jesus to be our guide:
 And with him so near: aye with him so near
 Naught of evil can e'er betide,
Cho.—For the angels there shall teach us, &c.

4 Will you go with us! will you go with us!
 Come and share this bright home above,
 Where the endless day, where the endless day
 Is illumed by our Father's love,
Cho.—For the angels there shall teach us, &c.

SAVED BY GRACE. 8s & 7s, Double.

93

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

ARR. FROM SPIRITUAL SONGS.

1 Precious Saviour, I have found thee, Now I feel thy power divine; In my raptured soul re-flect-ed,

D. S. Precious Saviour, I have found thee,

CHORUS.
I can see thy glo-ry shine. What a change from grief to gladness, Lost in won-der I a-dore;

Thou art mine I ask no more.

2 Earthly pleasures fading round me,
Like the autumn leaf may fall;
Jesus thou wilt give me comfort,
Thou art dearer far than all.—*Cho.*

3 I will praise thee, I will bless thee,
This my happy song shall be;
When I reach the port of glory,
Jesus thou hast died for me.

Cho.—for 3d verse. Saved by grace, thy child forever,
Lost in wonder, love and praise;
Precious Saviour I have found thee,
Thou art mine, I ask no more.

For Missionary concerts.

1 In thy temple Lord we gather,
In thine own appointed way;

For thy glorious cause, and kingdom,
At thy sacred feet to pray.

Cho. Star of Jacob, King of Judah,
Hallelujah to thy name;
May thy love in every bosom,
Kindle to a living flame.

2 Bless thy servants gone to labor
With thy standard in their hands;
Guide them o'er the snow-clad mountain,
On the deserts burning sand. *Cho.*

3 May thy word in might prevailing,
Far and wide its power extend;
And the world its truth confessing.
To thy gentle sceptre bend. *Cho.*

94 Words by Mrs. C. G. GOODWIN. SABBATH MORNING BELLS.



1st. 2d. FINE. 1st. 2d. D.C.

Holy Sabbath, glad young voices,
Welcome you with joyous song,
While the aged heart rejoices
With the youthful throng,
May the light of this blest morning,
Every youthful heart illumine,

* Instrument, in imitation of the bells.

With a cheerful sacred presence
That shall banish gloom.
3 Basking in the holy radiance
Of this blessed Sabbath morn,

May the blessed angels keep us,
Till another dawn.
And when earth's best, purest love-light
Fadeth from our sight away,
May our risen Saviour take us
To his endless day.

SABBATH EVENING BELLS.

R. S. T.—arranged.

1st. 2d.

CHORUS. *p cres.* *p* *cres.* *dim.* *cres.* *dim.*

2 As silently sinks the wearied sun,
Far down the western steep,
So peacefully at the eve of life,
May I lay me down to sleep. *Cho.*

3 And may the sweet hope be granted then
Each doubt and fear t'allay,
That soon will the gloom of night be lost
In the dawn of endless day. *Cho.*

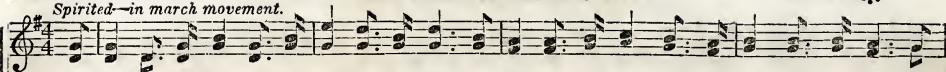
1 (O, Pilgrims to Zi - on, your courage re - new, Your Captain's be - fore you, his standard's in view ;
Then why do you falt - er, He bids you be strong And help one an - oth - er to journey a - long :)

O trust him for - ev - er your re - fuge and guide, Re - mem - ber the

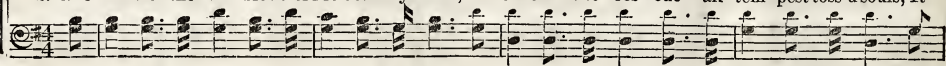
With expression. *Ritard.*
prom - ise, "The Lord will pro - vide," "The Lord will pro - vide," "The Lord will pro - vide."

2 The world may disown you, and friends may forsake,
The night may be cheerless, but morning will break,
When burdened with sorrow and longing for rest,
Temptations may follow, "Tis all for the best ;"
His arm is around you, your Shepherd and guide,
Remember the promise, "The Lord will provide."

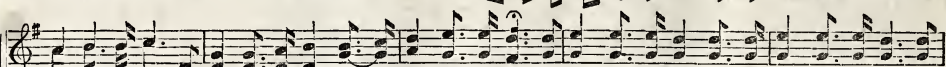
3 Behold in the valley the lillies so fair,
'Tis not from their labor, the beauty they wear ;
If clothed by your Father the grass that must die.
The wants of his children his hand will supply ;
Then trust him forever, your refuge and guide,
Remember the promise, "The Lord will provide."

Spirited—in march movement.

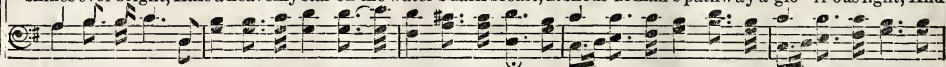
1. The life-boat! the life-boat! how bravely she rides The darkened and stormy, and treacher - ous main, The
 2. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! o'er life's stormy wave, Is the life-boat to res - cue all tem - pest toss'd souls, It



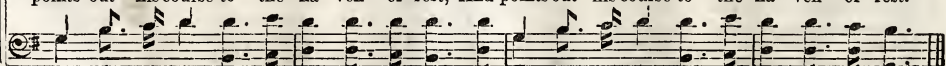
wild moaning tempest, the fierce rolling tide, Unite their dark powers to o'erwhelm her in vain The mariner sees her, and
 ev - er is ready from danger to save; 'Tis safe on the ocean, tho' fiercely it rolls, The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! it



hope fills his breast, The lamp from her bow gleams bright o'er the sea, It shines as a star on the billows fierce breast, And
 shines ever bright, Like a heavenly star on the water's dark breast, It sheds in man's pathway a glo - ri - ous light, And



mounts o'er the wa - ters so no - bly and free, And mounts o'er the wa - ters so no - bly and free.
 points out his course to the ha - ven of rest, And points out his course to the ha - ven of rest.

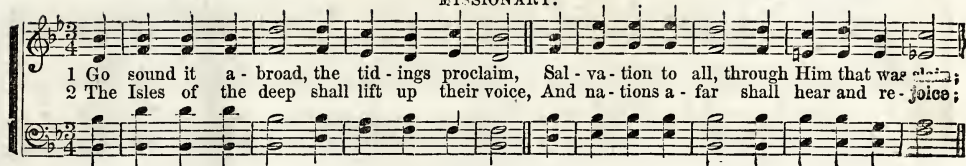


JESUS OUR KING.

97

MISSIONARY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

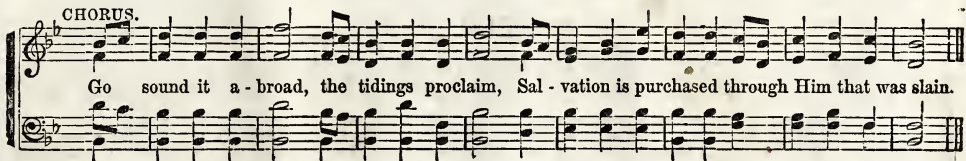


1 Go sound it a - broad, the tid - ings proclaim, Sal - va - tion to all, through Him that was slain;
2 The Isles of the deep shall lift up their voice, And na - tions a - far shall hear and re - joice;



He lives to re - deem us, Je - sus our King! To mansions of glo - ry the ransomed will bring.
The harp that was broken—sweet - ly shall ring, And Ju - dah re - turn to her Saviour and King.

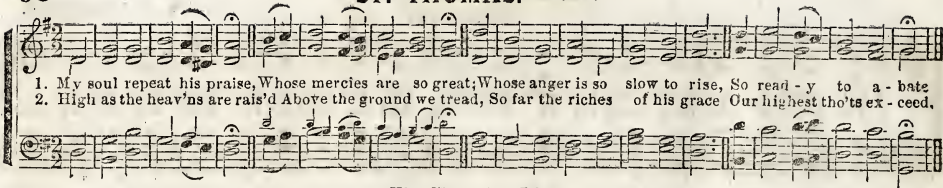
CHORUS.



Go sound it a - broad, the tidings proclaim, Sal - vation is purchased through Him that was slain.

3 Go, heralds, away! your mission fulfil
The Gospel declare, we'll pray for you still—
Be steadfast, be watchful, stand by the right,
And God will sustain you with wisdom and might.
CHO.—Go sound it abroad, &c.

4 Go, heralds, away! the harvest is near,
The reapers will come, the Master appear;
Be patient in labor, fervent in love,
And God will reward you in glory above.
CHO.—Go sound it abroad, &c.



3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

The Charming Place.

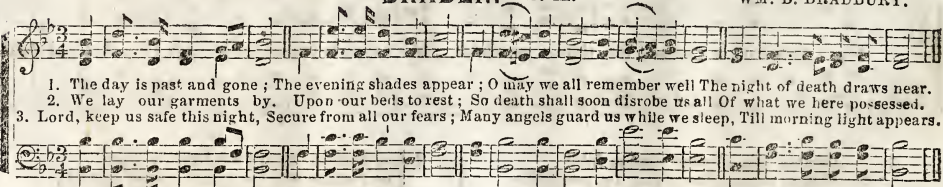
1. How charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!
2 Here on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
3 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

"Jesus Wept."

1 Did Jesus weep for me?
And sigh o'er sinners here?
My soul that weeping Saviour see,
And shed thyself a tear.
2 Did Jesus pray for me?
For such a wanderer care?
My heart subdued and broken be,
And drawn to him in prayer.
3 Did Jesus die for me?
Oh, depth of love divine!
I die to sin—I'll live to thee;
O, Saviour, make me thine!

BRADEN. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

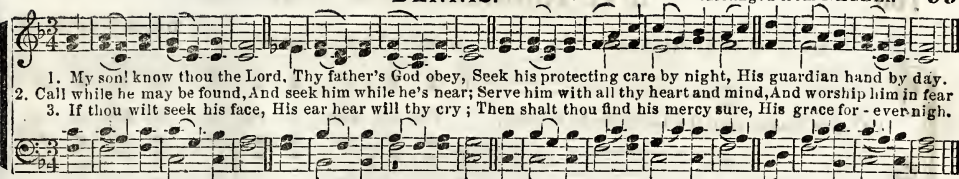


Superiority of the Scriptures.

1 O Lord, thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright,
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit and delight.

2 Celestial beams it sheds
To cheer this vale below:
To distant lands its glory spreads,
And streams of mercy flow.

3 True wisdom it imparts,
Commands our hope and fear:
Oh, may we hide it in our hearts,
And feel its influence there.

*Closing Hymn.*

- 1 Once more before we part,
Oh, bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.
- 2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.
- 3 Thus nurtured by thy word,
May each in wisdom grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

Blessings sought in Prayer

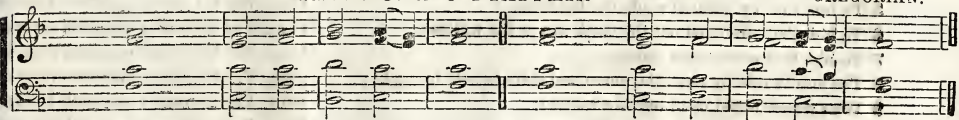
- 1 Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 Thine image, Lord bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 3 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine,
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

Prayer for the Intemperate. S. M.

- 1 Intemperance walks abroad,
His victims day by day,
Are wasting in the paths of sin
Their precious life away.
- 2 Dear Jesus! thou hast died,
Thy gracious arm can save;
O bring the wanderers to thy fold,
And snatch them from the grave.
- 3 Convicted of their guilt;
O may they seek thy face,
And never rest till they have found
The comfort of thy grace.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Chant.

GREGORIAN.



- 1 { Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name:
 { Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;
- 2 { Give us this | day our | daily | bread,
 { And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | tres - pass a - | gainst us;
- 3 { And lead us not into temptation, but de - | liver | us from | evil:
 { For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for - | ever. A - | men.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

SOLO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.*

1st RESPONSE. CHORUS.

1 O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; For his mer - cy en - dur - eth for ev - er.

SOLO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.*

2nd RESPONSE. CHORUS.

ALL.

2 O give thanks unto the God of gods; For his mer - cy en - dur - eth for ev - er. A - men.

- 3 O give thanks unto the Lord of lords;
 4 To him who alone doeth great wonders;
 5 To him that by wisdom made the heavens;
 6 To him that stretched out the earth above the waters;
 7 To him that made great lights;
 8 The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night;
 9 Who remembered us in our low estate;
 10 And hath remembered us from our enemies;
 11 Who giveth food to all flesh;
 12 O give thanks unto the God of heaven;

CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
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 CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.

Amen.

* By teacher or teachers.—The responses by the scholars.

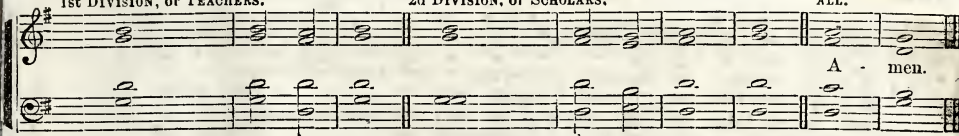
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.—Chant. Antiphonal.

101

1st DIVISION, or TEACHERS.

2d DIVISION, or SCHOLARS.

ALL.

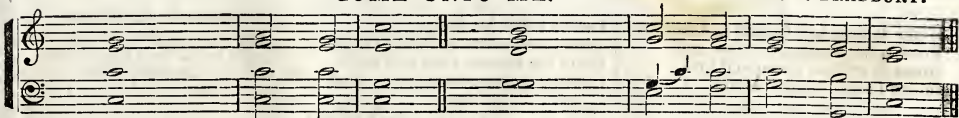


PSALM XXIII.

- 1 { The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
 2 { He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me be- side the still— waters.
 1 { He re- storeth my soul.
 2 { He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's— sake.
 1 { Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil;
 2 { For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they com- fort me.
 1 { Thou preparest a table before me in the presence.. of mine enemies,
 2 { Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup.. runneth over.
 1 { Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of.. my life;
 2 { And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for- ever. A- men.

COME UNTO ME. Chant.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



- 1 With tearful eyes I look around,
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea:
 Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
 A heavenly whisper, Come to me.
 2 It tells me of a place of rest—
 It tells me where my soul may flee;
 Oh! to the weary, faint, oppress,
 How sweet the bidding, Come to me.
 3 When nature shudders, loth to part
 From all I love, en- joy, and see,

- When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
 A sweet voice utters, Come to me,
 4 Come, for all else must fall and die,
 Earth is no resting place for thee;
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
 I am thy portion, Come to me.
 5 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
 In conflict, grief, and ago- ny,
 Support me, cheer me from above!
 And gently whisk r, Come to me.



1st. 2nd. FULL CHORUS.

1 (We are pilgrims on the earth, Journeying onward from our birth,)
 Eve - ry hour and eve - ry breath Brings us near - er still to death. Yes, we are

2 (But be - yond this vale of tears, Lies the land that knows no fears:)
 (Where our steps no more may roam, Pil - grims, we are) going home!

RESPONSE. *pp* CHORUS.

pil - grims, Yes, we are pil - grims, Yes, we are pil - grims on our journey home.

3.
 Home to long-lost friends and dear,
 Friends we mourn in sorrow here
 Home to endless peace and love,
 In our Father's house above. CHO.

4.
 Let no trifles by the way,
 Tempt our hearts or steps to stray,
 From the narrow path and strait
 Leading to the golden gate. CHO.

5.
 No, our faith has still in view
 One like us, a pilgrim too;
 From his track we will not roam
 We to Christ are going home. CHO.

SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Come, schoolmates, do not weary, But let us journey on, The moments will not tarry, This life will soon be gone.
 2. We've listed in the ar - my, We've listed for the war; We'll fight until we conquer, By faith and humble pray'r.

SWEET REST IN HEAVEN. Concluded.

103

CHORUS.

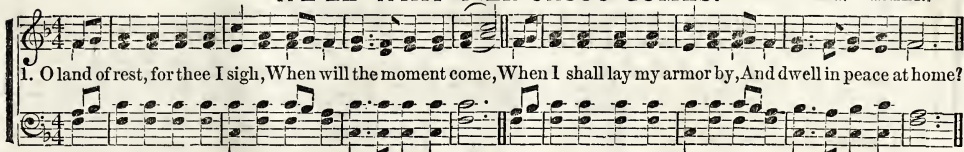


There is sweet rest in heaven.....

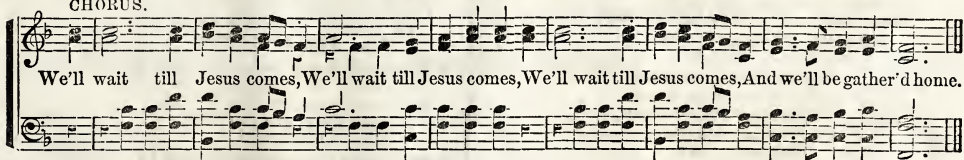
- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>3 Our Captain's gone before us,
He kindly bids us come;
In yonder world of glory,
He's made for us a home. CHO.</p> | <p>4 Our Jesus will be with us,
E'en to the journey's end;
In every sore affliction
A "present help" to lend. CHO.</p> | <p>5 We bless the name of Jesus,
Who bought us with his blood:
All glory be to Jesus,
Who gives us every good. CHO.</p> |
|--|--|---|

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

DR. MILLER.



CHORUS.



We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes,

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <p>2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.</p> | <p>3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.</p> | <p>4 I sought at once my Saviour's side.
No more my steps shall roam;
With him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.</p> |
|--|--|--|

Words by REV. J. W. DADMUN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d.

1 { In old - en times when boys were wild, On English soil arose a child, }
 { His name was Robert, true and mild, *Omit*..... } So loving, loving, and good.

FULL CHORUS.

1st. 2d.

{ Then away! away! our cause is growing stronger, Away! away! to the Sunday School, }
 { Then away! away! we can't wait a - ny longer, A way to the Sunday School.

2 As Robert Raikes walked out one day,
 To see if children were at play,
 Some boys were seen on Sabbath day,
 A playing, playing—Ah me.
Cho. Then away! &c.

3 In seventeen hundred eighty-one,
 Across the sea in Glous'ter town,
 The glorious Sunday School begun,
 Its coming! coming! along.
Cho. Then away! &c.

4 O, how this little fire has spread,
 And warmed to life the carnal dead,
 And brought them to our living Head,
 So loving, loving and good;
Cho. Then away! &c.

5 Come, parents, teachers, one and all,
 And never think the work is small,
 But listen to the heavenly call:
 Be workers, workers to day;
Cho. Then away! &c.

6 When storms are past, and work is o'er,
 And Sunday Schools shall be no more,
 We'll gather on the golden shore,
 Singing glory, glory to God.
Cho. Then away! &c.

7 Then what a glorious sight 'twill be
 To see the millions of the free
 All happy in eternity,—
 So welcome, welcome the day!
Cho. Then away! &c.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. **JESUS AT THE HELM.** Music by HENRY TUCKER. 105

Con Spirito.

1st. 2d.

1 { Frail is my bark and stormy is the ocean, How can I hope to stem the rushing tide; }
 { How can I face the billows wild commotion, [Omit.....] } Dangers are threat'ning me

CHORUS.

1st.

on eve - ry side. { With Jesus at the helm, I shall journey safe-ly o - ver, Though the storm is raging }
 { With Jesus at the helm, I shall journey safe-ly o - - - - - }

2d.

and the bil - lows foam; }
 - - - - - } ver, And find a re - fuge from the storm when Heav'n is my home.

2
 Though weak my faith, there's One whose love unfailing,
 Will cast a brightness over sight so dim;
 His strength for all my frailties still availing,
 Will make me feel the love I owe to Him. *Cho.*

3
 Hushed are my fears, and in his love confiding,
 O let me lean my head upon his breast;

At His command the troubled waves subsiding,
 Will safely bear me home with Him to rest. *Cho.*

4.
 Frail is my bark, but Jesus is beside me,
 E'en through the night I see his glorious form,
 With Him to cheer, to strengthen and to guide me,
 My soul will calmly brave the darkest storm. *Cho.*

"WE'LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING."

Words by KATE CAMERON.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d.

1 A { little child lay dying, As the sunset hour drew nigh, And }
 { these the words he uttered When he (Omit) } breathed his last Good-Bye. "I know that my angel

mother Is waiting to bear me from thee, We'll all meet again in the morning, Dear father, weep not for

CHORUS. *f* 1st. 2d.

me! We'll { all meet again in the morning, We'll all meet again in the morning, We'll }
 { all meet again in the morning, Of (Omit) } heaven's eternal day.

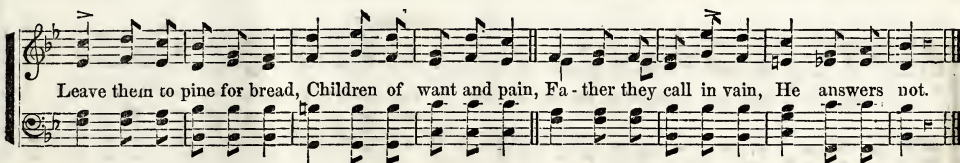
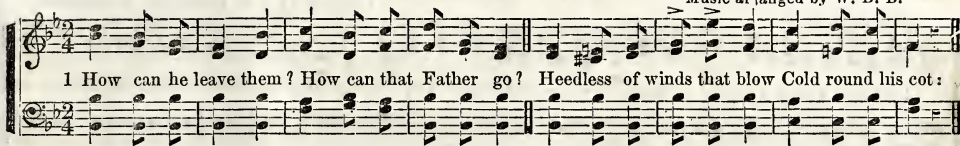
2 The words were full of solace,
 Falling like a healing balm
 On the heart so sorely stricken,
 That the mourner might well be calm.
 The sharp sting of anguish taken,
 The burden of grief grew more light,
 We'll all meet again in the morning,
 Like a rainbow spanned Death's night. *Cho.*

3 O, ye who sadly languish,
 Weighed down by grief and gloom,
 Beside the grave's dark portal,
 Look beyond the silent tomb!
 With God leave your precious treasures,
 Shall He not in all things do right?
 We'll all meet again in the morning,
 Death's sleep is but for a night. *Cho.*

THE FATHER RECLAIMED.

107

Music arranged by W. B. B.



2 How can he leave them,
Leave to the tempter's power,
Passing each golden hour
Careless away.
While in his dreary home,
Sad tears for him are shed;
Is every feeling dead,
How can he stay?

3 How can he leave them,
Pale is their mother's brow,
Hope's dying embers now
Faded in despair.
Folding her precious ones,
Hark! through the midnight dim,
Oh, how she prays for him,
Lord hear her prayer.

4 Why does she tremble,
Was it his voice that said—
"Lift up thy drooping head,
Sorrow is o'er;
Come to your Father's arms,
Children, your fears are past;
I am reclaimed at last,
I'll drink no more."

My Shepherd.

1 Thou art my Shepherd,
Caring in every need,
Thy little lambs to feed;
Trusting thee still;
In the green pastures low,
Where living waters flow,
Safe by Thy side I go,
Fearing no ill.

2 Or if my way lie
Where death o'erhanging nigh,
My soul would terrify
With sudden chill,—
Yet I am not afraid;
While softly on my head
Thy tender hand is laid,
I fear no ill!

3 I Thou wilt guide me,
Gladly I'll go with Thee;—
No harm can come to me
Holding Thy hand;
And soon my weary feet
Safe in the golden street,
Where all who love Thee meet,
Redeem'd shall stand.

MY FATHERLAND.

* Melody by J. R. THOMAS. Harmonized.

1 There is a place where all my hopes are stayed, My heart and my treasure are there, Where verdure and blossoms will

CHORUS.

never, never fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair. That blissful place is my dear father - land ; By

faith its delights I explore ; But sweeter, dearer, dearer is the hand, That leads me in peace to the shore.

2 There is a place where holy angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode,
The joys of that place no mortal tongue can tell,
For there is the palace of God.—*Cho.*

3 There is a place where loving friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshipped with me,

Exalted with Christ on His pure and spotless throne,
The King in His beauty they see.—*Cho.*

4 There is a place where through faith I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er,
A place which the Saviour to faithful ones will give,
And there I shall sorrow no more.—*Cho.*

THE UNION SONG.

109

Words by WM. OLAND BOURNE.

1st. 2d. CHORUS. *Strong.*

1 (Boys and girls are all for Union, North and South, and East and West;
All the States in lov'd communion Heart and hand with [Omit.....] freedom blest. Then join in a loud hurrah! Hurrah for the land of the free! For Union and peace, for or - der and law! Hurrah for the land of the free!

2 We will love our land forever,
Dearest land beneath the sun;
Foemen's steel shall not disserve,
Youthful hearts that now are one.—*Cho.*

3 We are all a band of Brothers,
And the states are Sisters too,
And in time there will be others
That shall happy vows renew.—*Cho.*

4 Let the hopeful words be spoken,
On the wings of promise borne:
Never shall the links be broken,
Never shall the flag be torn.—*Cho.*

5 Union now and Union ever!
Boys and girls for Union all!
We will keep it safe, and never
Shall our glorious Union fall.—*Cho.*

The crystal fountain.

1 'Tis the balmy shower descending
In the valley, on the plain,
Makes the air so cool around us
Cheers the drooping flowers again.
Cho.—Then joyful together we'll sing,
As gay as the bird on its wing;
Cold water for me, our motto shall be,
And loudly our chorus shall ring.

2 We are like the leaves unfolding,
Spangled o'er with morning dew;
Water from the crystal fountain,
Makes us glad and merry too.—*Cho.*

3 Give us water, sparkling water,
From the brooklet pure and free;
Grateful to our God who gave it,
Let our hearts forever be.—*Cho.*

JOY FOR THE SORROWFUL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

SOLO OR DUET, WITH CHORUS.

Isaiah, 35: 10.

1. Joy for the sorrow-ful, strength for the weak, Words of be-nev-olence Je-sus doth speak;

FULL CHORUS, or 1st time Solo, and repeat full Chorus.

Repeat ad lib.

His purpose of mercy no power can stay, For sorrow and sighing shall both flee away, For sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

2 Joy for the sorrowful, sight for the blind,
The dumb singing praises, the savage made kind,
The lame leaping high; these are signs of the day.
When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

Cho. The lame leaping high, these are signs of the day,
When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away,
For sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

3 Joy for the sorrowful, laughter and song,
Among the redeemed who journey along,
And looking for rest at the end of the way,
When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

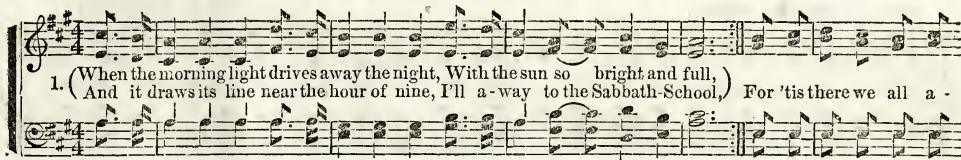
Cho. All looking for rest at the end of the way,
When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away,
For sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

4 Joy for the sorrowful! Spirit of God,
If on toward Zion but feebly I've trod,
O, strengthen my soul, and still lead me, I pray,
Till sorrow and sighing have both fled away.

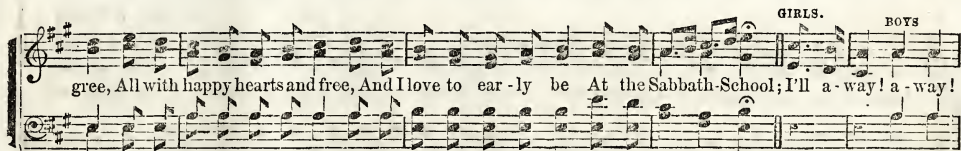
Cho. Oh, strengthen my soul, and still lead me, I pray,
Till sorrow and sighing shall both flee away,
Till sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

WHEN THE MORNING LIGHT.

111



1. (When the morning light drives away the night, With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine, I'll a-way to the Sabbath-School,) For 'tis there we all a -



gree, All with happy hearts and free, And I love to ear-ly be At the Sabbath-School; I'll a-way! a-way!



GIRLS. BOYS. ALL.
I'll away! away! I'll away to Sabbath-School.

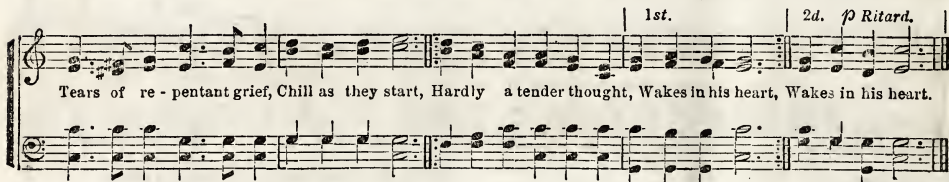
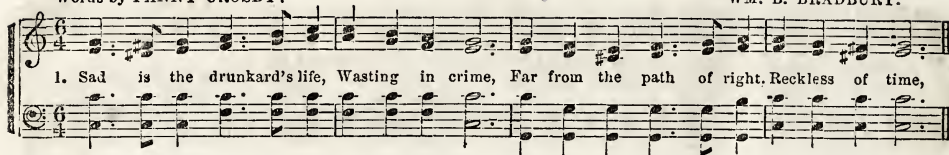
2 On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapped in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays around the the trees,
To the Sabbath School I go;
When the holy day has come,
And the Sabbath breakers roam,
I delight to leave my home,
For the Sabbath School;
I'll away, &c.

3 In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there,
In the Book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the Sabbath school!
I'll away! &c.

4 May the dews of grace fill the hallow'd place,
And the sunshine never fail,
While each blooming rose which in memory grows,
Shall a sweet perfume exhale
When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er,
At the Sabbath school:
I'll away! &c.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 Often a single spark,
Kindles a flame,
Kindness may win him back,
Prayer may reclaim,
Go when he sits alone,
Burdened with care
||: Tell him his sinful course
Plead with him there. :||

3 Picture a happy past,
Gone from his sight,
Bring back his early youth,
Cloudless and bright,
Tell how a mother's eye,
Watched while he slept
||: Tell how she prayed for him.
Sorrow'd and wept. :||

4 Point to the better land,
Home of the blest,
Where she has passed away
Gone to her rest,
O'er that departed one,
Memory will yearn
||: God in his mercy grant,
He may return. :||

Jesus is near.

1 Lonely and desolate, far from thy home,
Why from thy Father's arms, why wilt thou roam,
Lovingly, tenderly falls on thy ear,
||: "Rest thee, O weary one," Jesus is near. :||

2 Life is a morning dream, passing away,
Come to the Lamb of God. why wilt thou stay,

Come to the precious fold, watched by his care,
||: "Rest thee. O weary one," Jesus is there. :||

3 Life is a desert wild mantled in woe,
Earth has no joy for thee, where wilt thou go,
Lift up thy drooping heart, banish thy fear,
||: "Rest thee, O weary one," Jesus is near. :||

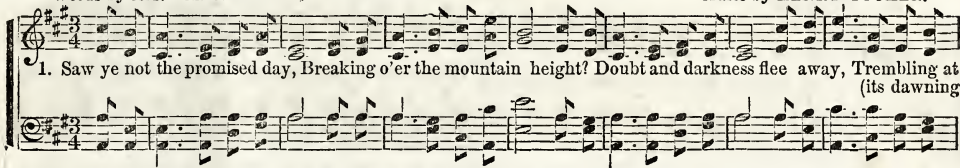
(V.)

THE PROMISED DAY. (Missionary.)

113


Words by Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.



1. Saw ye not the promised day, Breaking o'er the mountain height? Doubt and darkness flee away, Trembling at
(its dawning

CHORUS.



light. Blessed Je - sus, reign for - ev - er Let sal - va - tion, like a riv - er, Rolling onward, onward



still, All the world with gladness fill.

2 Heard ye not the welcome sound, Sing, O Zion, land of rest,
Wafted o'er the heaving main? They are flocking home to thee;
Now the fruits of joy abound, From the East, the North and West,
Precious souls are born again. And the Isles beyond the sea.
Cho. Blessed Jesus, &c. Cho. Blessed Jesus, &c.

"Go to Jesus."

1 Go to Jesus when thy heart
Droops beneath its weight of care;
When the joys of earth depart,
Seek a purer light in prayer.
Cho. Jesus will forsake thee never,
He is thine, and thine forever,
By the cooling stream that flows,
Thou shalt find a sweet repose.

2 O'er the hopes in ruin laid;
Does the tear in secret fall?
Is thy trembling soul afraid?
Go to the Jesus—tell him all. Cho.
3 Go to Jesus, on his breast
He will lay thy aching head,
Calm thy every pain to rest,
Beams of mercy o'er thee shed. Cho.

HOSANNA. "Blessed is he that cometh."—Anthem.

pp—as at a distance.

CHRISTMAS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord,

mp *Cres.* *Cres.*
Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Single voice.

Blessed be the kingdom of our father Da-vid, That cometh, that cometh in the name of the Lord.

m

Blessed be the kingdom of our father Da-vid, That cometh, that cometh in the name of the Lord.

HOSANNA. Concluded.

115

GIRLS.

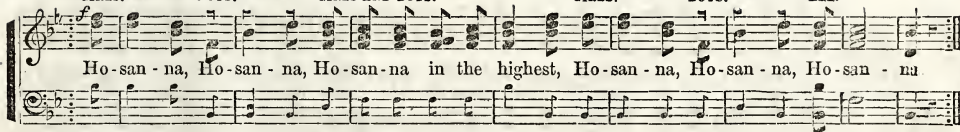
BOYS.

GIRLS AND BOYS.

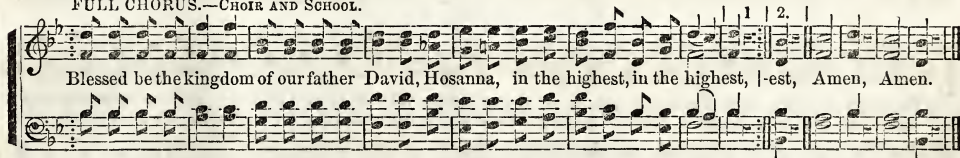
GIRLS.

BOYS.

ALL.



FULL CHORUS.—CHOIR AND SCHOOL.



Words by FANNY CROSBY.

JESUS HELP ME.

HENRY TUCKER.

Moderato.

Fine.

D.C.



2 Jesus help me, I am fainting,
'Neath the deserts burning sky,
Lead to pastures cool and fragrant,
There my every want supply,
Shade me with Thy wings eternal,
Let me feel Thee ever near,
Thou canst whisper words of comfort,
Thou canst dry the falling tear.

3 Jesus help me, I am sinking.
In the cold and chilly wave,
Give me strength, my faith increasing,
Thou alone hast power to save,
Let my soul be filled with rapture,
Let my hope be stayed on Thee,
Let me bear my cross with patience,
Till I sleep and wake with Thee.

THE CHILDREN'S BATTLE SONG.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Yes, we are soldiers of the cross, A young and joyful band; We've joined the army marching home To
 2 Yes, we are soldiers of the cross, We'll never quit the field; Like valiant heroes bold and brave, We'll

Canaan's promised land. The world and sin our strongest foes Will oft be - set our way; But we must keep our
 fight but nev - er yield. Our captain is the prince of peace, Who died that we might live; To all his faithful

FULL CHORUS.

ar - mor bright And al - ways watch and pray. We must keep our ar - mor bright, We must keep our
 children here A crown of life he'll give. We must keep, &c.

1st. 2d.
 ar - mor bright, We must keep our ar - mor bright, And always watch and pray, always watch and pray.

THE CHILDREN'S BATTLE SONG. Concluded.

117

3 Yes, we are soldiers of the cross,
Our colors we will show;
And with the bible in our hand
We'll boldly meet the foe.
O let us strive to win the prize,
The great command obey;
To love the Lord with all our soul,
And labor while 'tis day.—*Cho.*

4 Yes, we are soldiers of the cross,
And by that cross we'll stand;
We've joined the army marching home,
To Canaan's promised land.
And when we reach the golden fields
Of that immortal shore;
With all the armies of the blest,
We'll sing the battle o'er.—*Cho.*

AWAY OVER JORDAN.



Spirited.

1 Je - sus, my all, to heaven is gone, *View the land, view the land,* He whom I fix my hopes up - on,
2 His track I see, and I'll pursue, *View the land, view the land,* The nar - row way till him I view,

REFRAIN.

View the promised land, A - way, a - way over Jordan, We'll view the land, View the land, Away, a - way over
View the promised land, A - way, a - way, &c.

Jor - dan, We'll view the promised land.

3 The way the holy prophets went, *View the land, &c.*
The road that leads from banishment, *View the promised*
Cho.—Away, away, &c. [land.]

4 The king's highway of holiness, *View the land, &c.*
I'll go, for all his paths are peace, *View the promised land*
Cho.—Away, away, &c.

COME UNTO ME. (Anthem.)

mp Soft and gentle tones, but earnest and devout.

“Come un-to me all ye that la-bor And are heavy la-den, And I will give you rest,

Take my yoke up-on you and learn of me, for I am meek and low-ly of heart, And

ye.... shall find rest un-to your souls, For my yoke is ea-sy and my bur-den is light, My

SEMI-CHORUS.

yoke is ea-sy and my bur-den is light.” O pre-cious in-vi-ta-tion, Help us, O Lord, to

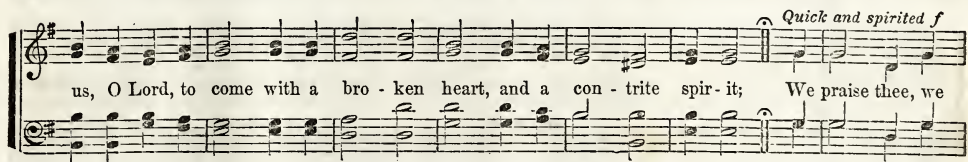
COME UNTO ME. Concluded.

119

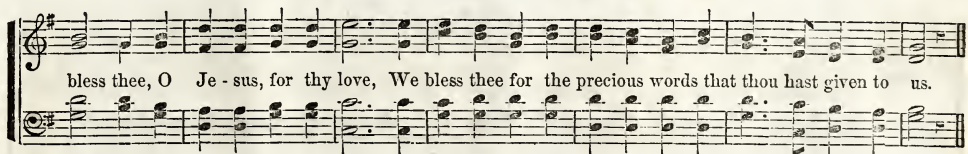
FULL CHORUS.



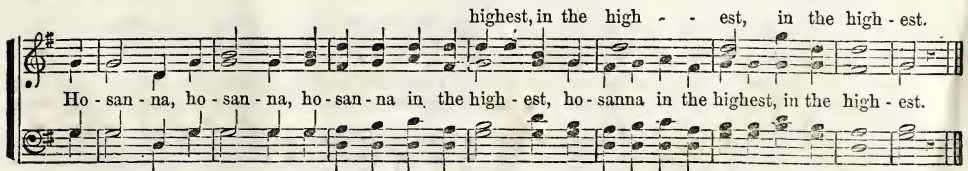
come with a bro - ken heart, and a con - trite spir - it, O precious in - vi - ta - tion, Help



us, O Lord, to come with a bro - ken heart, and a con - trite spir - it; We praise thee, we



bless thee, O Je - sus, for thy love, We bless thee for the precious words that thou hast given to us.

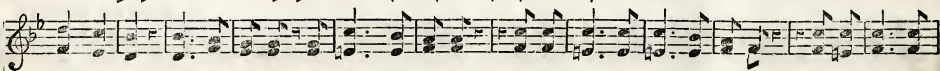


highest, in the high - - est, in the high - est.
Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the high - est, ho - san - na in the highest, in the high - est.

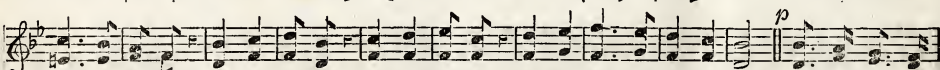
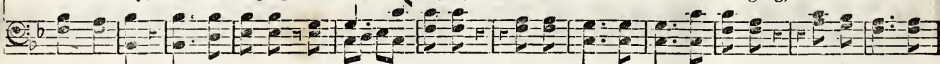
CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.



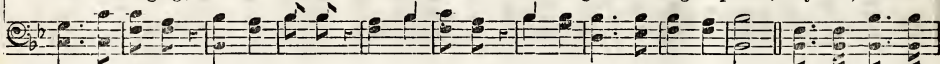
1. Lo! descending the heavens rending, Messengers from God to men: Angels winning, tidings bringing, Christ is born in
 2. Dearest Saviour, grant thy favor, While in these thy courts we stay, Thy rich blessing on us resting, On this happy



Bethlehem; Come with gladness, and ban-ish sadness, Children sweetly tune your voices. Sing aloud while
 fes-tive day, Bells are ringing, and birds are singing, Woods and fields their tribute bringing, Back the hills the



heaven re-joice; Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! "Peace on earth, good will to men." Lift a-loud a
 ech-ees ringing; Let our voices swell the chorus In a grateful song of praise; Joy-ful, come be-



loft-y strain, God is re-conciled to man, Glo-ry to our Saviour King, Heaven and earth with glory ring,
 fore him now, Humbly in his presence bow, Now to him our tribute bring, Lord of lords and King of kings



CHRISTMAS ANTHEM. Concluded.

121

Praise him, Praise him, The Lord Jehovah praise, Praise him, Praise him, The Lord Jehovah praise, Hosanna! Hosanna!
Praise him, Praise him, Ye grateful children, praise, Praise him, praise him, Ye grateful children, praise, Hosanna! Hosanna!

Words by KATE CAMERON.

THE LAND OF PEACE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 sem. cho. The storms of earth will vanish, And all its turmoils cease, Be-fore we reach that country, The
2 sem. cho. There clouds will never gather, Rude winds will ne-ver blow, And there will be that qui-et We

FULL CHORUS.

blessed land of peace, (The land of peace, the land of peace, Oh! there will all our troubles cease.
cannot find be-low. (And all our hap-pi-ness increase In heaven the land of peace.)

1st Semi. Cho. On earth are wars and tumults,
And danger, fear and strife,
While unseen powers combining
Assail our fleeting life.
2d Semi. Cho. But there is never conflict,
Nor danger, nor alarm;
The land of peace is guarded
By an Almighty arm.
CHORUS. The land of peace, &c.

1st Semi. Cho. How blissful to look forward
When all these storms shall cease
And see that happy country,
The holy land of peace.
2d Semi. Cho. We will not mind life's struggles,
Which soon must have an end,
But place our trust in Jesus,
Our everlasting friend,
.CHORUS. The land of peace, &c.

Recitando.

And when he was come nigh, even to the descent of the mount of Olives, the whole Multitude of the dis-ci-ples be-

FULL CHORUS. *f*

gan to rejoice, And to praise God with a loud voice, And to praise God with a loud voice, For all the mighty

works that they had seen, Say-ing, "Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Blessed be the

Peace on earth, and glo-ry in the high-est, Blessed be the King.....
Bless-ed, blessed be the
Blessed be the King blessed

THE WHOLE MULTITUDE. Concluded.

123

King,..... Blessed be the King, who cometh in the name of the Lord, Blessed be the King, who

Blessed be the King, the King,

A little faster.

cometh in the name of the Lord. Glo - ry, glory, glo-ry in the highest, Peace in heav'n, and glory in the highest.

Glory, glo-ry, glory,

END.

ALTO SOLO. Original movement.

Blessed be the kingdom of our father Da - vid, that com-eth, that cometh in the name of the Lord,

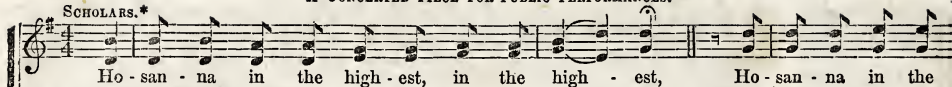
Al Seg. End with Cho. "Glory in the highest."

Ho-san - na, ho-san - na, ho-san-na in the high - est, Ho-san - na, ho-san - na in the high - est.

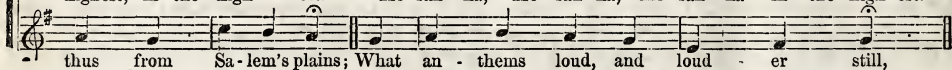
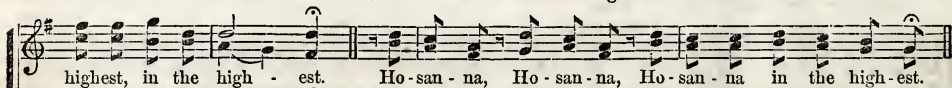
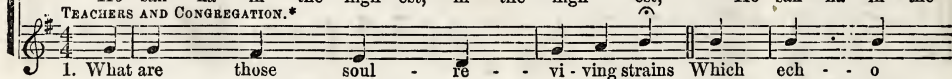
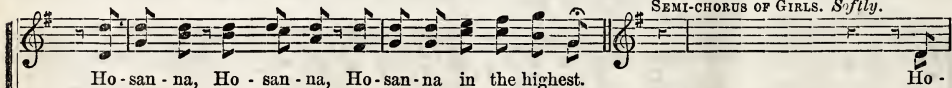
HOSANNA ANTHEM.

A CONCERTED PIECE FOR PUBLIC PERFORMANCES.

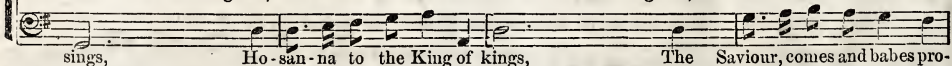
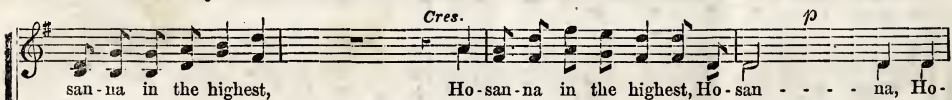
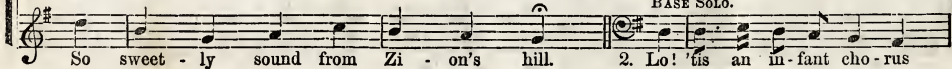
SCHOLARS.*



TEACHERS AND CONGREGATION.*

SEMI-CHORUS OF GIRLS. *Softly.*

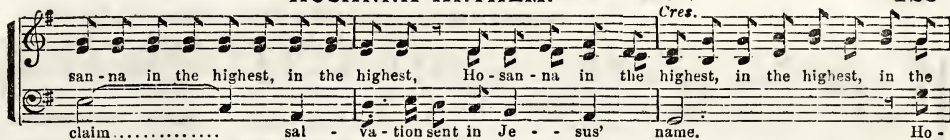
BASE SOLO.



* The children should sing their HOSANNA through once before the teachers and congregation commence—then the two unite.

HOSANNA ANTHEM. Concluded.

125



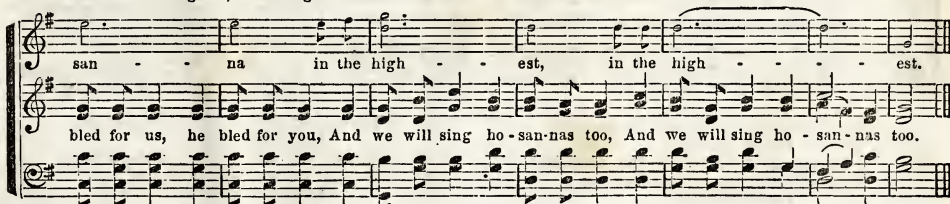
san - na in the highest, in the highest, Ho - san - na in the highest, in the highest, in the
claim..... sal - va - tion sent in Je - - sus' name. Ho -

Solo voices in an adjoining room, or at a distance from the Chorus. Let the tones be clear and well sustained.

A little faster.



Ho - san - na in the high - - est, Ho -
SUNDAY SCHOOL & CHOIR.
high - - est, in the highest, 3. Mes - si - ah's name shall joy impart, A - like to Jew and Gentile heart, He
sanna in the highest, in the highest.



san - - na in the high - - est, in the high - - - - est.
bled for us, he bled for you, And we will sing ho - san - nas too, And we will sing ho - san - nas too.

PROCLAIM HOSANNAS—By congregation and choir to the melody of "Old Hundred," the children singing again the "Hosanna" attached to it.

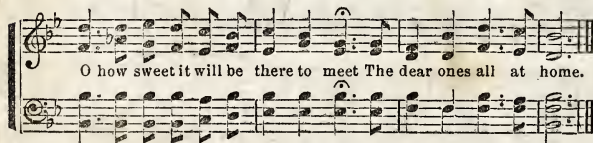
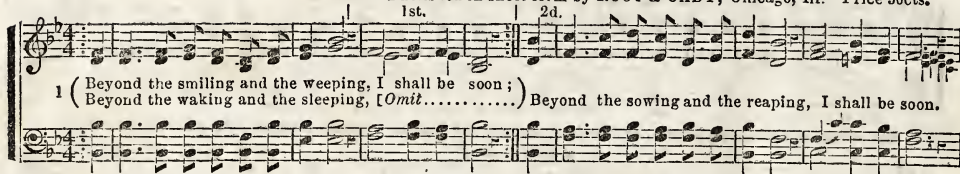
4 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!

All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven.—*Chr.*

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1st.

2d.



2 Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
||: O! how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home. :||

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
||: O how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home. :||

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
||: O how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home. :||

A bright Sabbath morn.	40	Come unto me (Chant).	101	Heavenly Song.....	24	Just as thou art.....	13
A crown of glory bright..	20	Come ye who love the..	34	He who once to earth..	76	Learning of Jesus.....	85
A faithful friend.....	41	Coronation.....	53	Holy Sabbath.....	94	Let little children.....	88
Ah, this heart is void....	32	Death of a child.....	13	Hosanna (Anthem).....	124	Like a young and tender	79
A land without a storm..	20	Dennis.....	99	Hosanna blessed is he..	114	List the Sabbath bells..	54
A little child lay dying.	106	Did Jesus weep for me.	98	Hosanna, Hosanna	17	Lonely and desolate....	112
All hail the power.....	53	Doth sorrow's shadow..	11	Hosanna in the highest.	124	Looking home.....	32
And when he was come.	122	Earth may robe.....	77	How can he leave them	107	Look on us kindly.....	87
Another week has passed	37	Earth's shadowy years.	65	How charming is the...	98	Lord; I believe.....	49
Another year.....	23	Even me.....	83	How many in our favored	31	Lord, I hear of shower's.	83
A pilgrim and a stranger	70	Father whate'er of.....	19	How sweet will be the..	33	Lord, when we bend...	55
A Saviour ever near....	26	Forth we go.....	40	Hudson.....	32	Lo, descending.....	120
Asleep in Jesus.....	39	For thou hast died for me	75	Hushed be my.....	26	Lo, the fields are white.	3
Away over Jordan.....	117	Forward.....	52	I'm but a stranger here.	90	Lo, the Sunday school..	18
Awhile they rest.....	39	Forward shall be.....	52	If I were a sunbeam....	40	Love sounds in her sighs	69
Beautiful land on high..	27	Frail is my bark.....	105	I have a father in.....	86	Manoah.....	43
Beautiful river.....	25	Friends of Temperance.	28	In olden times.....	104	Meet again.....	84
Beautiful Zion.....	86	From every stormy wind	10	Intemperance walks....	99	Mother tell me.....	77
Behold the throne of....	99	Give thanks (Chant)...	100	In the Greenwood.....	79	My fatherland.....	108
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Beyond the smiling....	126	Glory to the Father give	49	I ought to love my.....	16	My latest sun.....	50
Boys and Girls are all for	109	Go bear the joyful tidings	9	I'll think of my Saviour	63	My mansion in the sky..	71
Braden.....	98	God is love.....	5	Jesus at the helm.....	105	My soul know thou....	99
Canaan's happy land...	38	Go forth ye glad heralds	46	Jesus help me.....	115	My soul repeat.....	98
Children can you truly..	6	Go forth young soldier.	47	Jesus is King.....	76	Naomi.....	19
China.....	81	Going home.....	64	Jesus is our morning...	73	Now I resolve.....	37
Christmas anthem.....	120	Good tidings.....	36	Jesus is our shepherd...	78	Now we lift our tuneful	80
Cold water.....	59	Go sound it abroad....	97	Jesus loves me.....	68	Oberlin.....	11
Come holy spirit, calm.	43	Go to Jesus.....	113	Jesus my all.....	117	O give thanks.....	100
Come let us be joyful....	45	Happy greeting.....	45	Jesus our King.....	97	O God of truth.....	33
Come, schoolmates.....	102	Happy in the Lord.....	70	Jesus our shepherd....	78	Oh, be warned of your.	14
Come sound his praise..	88	Haste we now with eager	85	Jesus thou art the sinners	32	Oh! give me a harp....	72
Come unto me.....	78	Hear gracious God....	34	Joy for the sorrowful...	110	O how sweet when we..	14
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O, Jesus precious.....	71	St. Thomas.....	98	The Lord is my shepherd	101	Traveler whither art....	20
O Land of rest.....	103	Speed away.....	66	The Lord's prayer.....	99	Wanderer from God...	10
O Lord thy perfect word	98	Steadfast.....	37	The Lord will provide..	95	We are bound for.....	38
On a Sunday morning..	6	Sweet carols.....	51	The Master is gone.....	69	We're nearer home.....	30
Once more before we..	99	Sweet rest in heaven...	102	The mercy seat.....	10	We're now in youth's..	42
One day nearer home...	20	Take the cross.....	48	The narrow way.....	29	We are pilgrims.....	102
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Our angel sister.....	79	That was settled long..	77	The promised land.....	86	We come with rejoicing	67
Our bright and morning	73	The angels in the air...	89	The realms of the blest.	82	We come with songs...	37
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Our mission field.....	31	The angels there will...	92	The Sabbath scholar's..	87	We know not what's...	30
Our own loved Sabbath.	12	The beautiful land.....	60	The school gathering...	7	Welcome hour of prayer	80
O we're a band of.....	61	The best day of all the..	4	These are the crowns...	82	We lift our voices.....	35
O what beauties adorn..	4	The blue birds.....	56	The shadows of night...	94	We love to sing together	38
O what shall I do.....	90	The bright hills of glory	72	The shepherd of souls..	19	We must live for God..	91
O when will be ended...	22	The children's battle song	116	The sound of salvation..	46	We seek the Golden city	44
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Rossini.....	82	The days for play are...	12	There's a beautiful land.	60	When clouds hang.....	75
Sabbath evening bells..	94	The dear ones all at...	126	There's a beautiful land on	27	When life's labor song..	89
Sabbath morning bells..	94	The Father reclaimed..	107	There's a country dear..	24	When softly o'er.....	80
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Saved by grace.....	93	The God of love.....	13	There is a land of pleasure	8	Why do we mourn.....	81
Saviour now receive him	13	The golden city.....	44	There is a place of.....	21	Willowdale.....	65
Saw ye not the promised	113	The happy land.....	55	There is a place where..	108	Will you walk with us.	29
Shall we gather at.....	25	The happy song.....	42	Think of Jesus.....	11	With tearful eyes.....	101
Shout the tidings of....	36	The heavenly chorus...	35	Thou art my shepherd..	107	Woodworth.....	13
Silver street.....	88	The invitation.....	88	Thro' a strange country.	64	Work, for the night is..	68
Silverton.....	55	The land of Beulah....	50	Thro' the new Jerusalem	58	Yes, I will bless thee...	53
Singing and praising...	58	The land of peace.....	121	'Tis a blessed thought..	41	Ye soldiers of the cross.	62
Sing them my children.	65	The land of pleasure...	8	'Tis the balmy shower..	109	Yes, we are soldiers....	116
						You must be a lover of.	85

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